The Bystander, May 30, 1906

Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 130.—Vol. X. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, May 30, 1906 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

"VIVA LA REINA!"

The latest portrait of Princess Ena, who to-morrow will assume the rank and dignity of Queen of Spain, upon which THE BYSTANDER ventures its congratulations in the above picturesque phraseology

No. 130.—Vol. X.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, May 30, 1906

	PAGE
Frontispiece	413
Bystander Comments	415
Racing Notes. By "Carbine"	416
The Topictator	419
Round the Town	422
The Minister from the North Pole	423
Roberts's Farewell to Billiards	424
The Ubiquitous Motor-Car	425
The New Regime at Holyrood	426
Public Apathy About Consumption	428
The Playhouses	430
Paris Week by Week	433
The Connoisseur	436
The Evolution of a Country Cottage	437
Our Series of Worldly Short Stories: No. 25.—"With Man—and with Woman." By D. Ess Mackay	441
"Narcissa"	446
The Library	448
Salmon Fishing in the Usk	450
Polo Club Topics	452
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	454
Amateur Golf Championship	455
Games and Pastimes. Edited by H. S. Scrivener	456
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	460
Automobile Topics. Edited by Douglas Miller	464

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

EMPIRE THEATRE. COPPELIA.
By Leo Delibes. Mlle. Adeline Genée, Première Danseuse.
And Specially Selected Varieties.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

IMPERIAL ROYAL
AUSTRIAN EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.
Under the Patronage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.
AN EXHIBITION OF ARTS, INDUSTRIES, AND MANUFACTURES,
Under the auspices of
THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT.
Open 11 to 11. Admission 1s. Season tickets 10s. 6d.
PICTURES, STATUARY, FASHIONS, FURNITURE,
BRONZES, CHINA, GLASS, ART PRINTING,
BAKERY, DAIRY, SAUSAGE FACTORY.
A TRIP THROUGH LOVELY AUSTRIA.
GRAND MILITARY AND PROMENADE CONCERTS.
TYROL VILLAGE IN THE EMPRESS HALL.
Life in the Mountains, Real Waterfall,
Tyroler Songs and Dances.
SUMMER THEATRE, VIENNA BY NIGHT.
GREAT PANORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF ISEL.
THE SALT MINE.
Extraordinary reproduction of an Austrian Mine.
THE VIENNA PRATER,
SALZKAMMERGUT BOATS ON LAKE.
Austrian Restaurant Café and Lager Beer Hall.

THE BYSTANDER

Ready Every Wednesday

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION (Post Free)

	At Home	Abroad
Twelve Months (52 Numbers)	£1 8 2	£1 16 10
Six Months (26 Numbers)	14 1	18 5
Three Months (13 Numbers)	7 1	9 3

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, either through a local Newsagent, or direct to the Publisher.

"THE BYSTANDER" OFFICE, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.

NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

"Polite Conversation." By Dean Swift. (Greening: 2s. net.)
"The Fool of Quality." By Henry Brooke. (Routledge: 6s. net.)
"Illustrated Treatise on the Art of Shooting." By Charles Lancaster. (2s. 6d.)
"Gulliver's Travels and Other Works." By Dean Swift. (Routledge: 6s. net.)
"Gardening for the Million." By Alfred Pink. (Fisher Unwin: 2s. 6d. net.)
"London (1906)." (Ward, Lock: 1s.)
"London from the Top of a 'Bus." By A. St. John Adcock. (Hodder and Stoughton: 1s. net.)
"A Nation's Youth." By the Countess of Warwick. (Cassell: 1s. net.)
"Mr. Punch's Railway Book." "Mr. Punch on the Continong." "Mr. Punch at the Sea-side." (The Amalgamated Press: 1s. net each.)
"Royal Academy Pictures." (Cassell: 5s. net.)

NEW FICTION

"An Independent Maiden." By Adeline Sergeant. (John Long: 6s.)
"The Enemy in Our Midst." By Walter Wood. (John Long: 6s.)
"The Triumph of Love." By Mrs. M. Chan-Toon. (Greening: 6s.)
"The Evasion." By E. B. Frothingham. (Constable: 6s.)
"Lady Betty Across the Water." By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen: 6s.)
"Darrell Chevasney." By Curtis Yorke. (Jarrold: 3s. 6d.)
"King Peter." By Dion Clayton Calthrop. (Duckworth: 6s.)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
May 30, 1906

The official title of the new Queen of Spain is to be Queen Victoria, and the compliment to the great railway station from which she took her departure last week is much appreciated by the directors of the S.E. and C. and L.B. and S.C. Railways.

* * *

The emotion in Madrid on her arrival there was so great that two engines on the city light railway completely broke down.

* * *

Much concern is felt regarding the health of the Tsar, who has only changed his intentions once during the past twenty-four hours. Concern has also been felt in Russia about the health of General Trepoff. It has been very good lately.

* * *

Those who believed in the humanitarianism of the Labour Party will now have to reconsider their opinion. Mr. Will Crooks is introducing a Free-Travel-for-M.P.'s Bill, which, if passed, can only have the effect of increasing political platform oratory throughout the country.

* * *

"Studio Murder Reconstructed" announces an *Express* placard. But was it necessary so to harrow the young artist's feelings?

* * *

Compilers of statistics, in their passion for brevity, frequently obscure the point of their statements. Thus we learn, from the report of the Comptroller-General, that since 1885 the apparel of men, women, and children, has been the subject of over 6,000 inventions. How much more satisfactory had the report saved us the trouble of deduction by stating that since 1885 the apparel of women and children had been the subject of 5,999 inventions, and that a patent had been taken out for the male flannel collar.

* * *

Returning home at dusk on a day last week, I witnessed a little comedy of the streets. A one-armed organ-grinder and his mate were taking their departure after the last pitch. "Nar then, Bill, lend us a 'and," said the mate, whereupon the cripple looked round, and seeing only a civilian in sight, coolly opened his white jacket, unfastened a scarf, and lent his companion two hands to the task of wheeling the organ home.

* * *

It is difficult to keep pace with modern slang, but for the next few weeks, at any rate, you can hear the stamp of the highly cultured by these expressions of the poles of pleasure and discontent—"fiendishly attractive" and "too utterly poisonous."

A Forecast

Extract from chairman's speech at the next annual meeting of the District Railway:—". . . I need hardly refer, perhaps, to the grave crisis which threatened us in May last, when large numbers of our regular passengers were lured away by the tram-ticket competition. Retaliation upon similar lines was the only means of meeting the emergency, and in June we had the satisfaction of reclaiming these delinquents, as well as a great number of confirmed tram passengers, by our offer of a six-months' season ticket to all who were successful in guessing (one attempt per day) the Christian name of the booking-clerk at the nearest station to their residence."

Awaiting Princess Ena

Two typical Spaniards (?) sketched in the streets of Madrid on the arrival of their future Queen

(N.B.—The Editor does not vouch for the accuracy of the above)

Paint and the Petticoat

(The Blushing Débutante confides to a caller her impressions of the 1906 Academy)

My eyes are simply aching with red, dear. It's a bloodthirsty exhibition. But, then, all artists are a little red-eyed, aren't they? And that awful Miss D'Arcy was there in crimson, which is frightfully rococo in a picture gallery. Oh yes, she goes the pace, I know, and all that. She's the only really fashionable woman on the 'bus routes. But I wish she wouldn't wear such aggrandizing frocks. She always makes me feel as if I had a mortgage on mine. What did I wear? Oh, the one I wore at your place on Friday, and these things. No, not the stockings. I took your tip. Every bit of colour matters, doesn't it, dear, and you've got such musical taste. I wish I could listen to accompaniments.

We met Ian in the double-crown poster room. He stopped before all the naughty pictures. It's just as well to be taken round by a man.

I seemed to have seen most of them before. Artists always agree about sky and grass, and—well, and Daphnis and Chloe. The only difference between meadows after rain and early twilights is the name in the corner. No one has time to look at the catalogue. I wonder if they cover the pictures up when they sweep the floors. If I painted an Amynome, I should hate to get her dusty.

The Kaiser's lost pet

"O vhere und oh vhere is mein leetle bull-bitch," is the favourite ditty just now in Imperial circles in Berlin. "Muck," the above not very flatteringly named pet of the Kaiser, disappeared from Berlin railway station, while *en route* to Hamburg, and 400 marks (£20) is offered for her return

Canvases and Clothes

But I'm not telling you much about the show, am I? Some of the frocks are entrancing, but where else but on canvas can you get such backgrounds? Nowadays, as you know, it's not so much a matter of wearing pretty clothes, but wearing things to suit the decorations of the rooms you are visiting. I was dying to wear my sherry-coloured marquisate at Mrs. St. Jones's on Friday, but had to surrender to her horrid blue carpets, and go in cream serge. I shall be very careful before I go for a honeymoon to get an idea of the hotel paperings. By the way, dearest, have you fixed definitely on that little country house as a *venue?* M'yes, the country's pretty in the Spring, but I always think Nature is more an elderly person's distraction. I shall never forget what Nora de la Pott said three weeks after she became Mrs. Painter: "I love him, dear, but we ought to have gone to Paris."

Do you know, dear, I once began to have my portrait painted? But I only began. He was a queer-looking man. If he had been taller, and had a longer nose, and some teeth, and hadn't been bald, I should have gone on sitting. But he fell in love with me, and I couldn't bear to look at him when he smiled. My language professor, you know, was cross-eyed, so that you couldn't analyse *his* emotions. I never suspected his wicked designs until he was found asleep with my German Dictionary in his arms. And his wife told Papa that I was a hussey. I think I should rather like to be one, for a week or so—if it wasn't Mamma's synonym for a housemaid.

"Indeed! Indeed!" etc.

Quite the nicest picture is one of a lady looking mournfully into the fire. It's nice because it makes naughtiness picturesque. They call it "Indeed! Indeed! Repentance oft I swore," and you can't help wondering what she's sorry for. The frock and the furniture look all right. I suppose it's something that you ought not to think about. Ian said that possibly she had a special taste for cucumber, or something of that sort that didn't agree with her, and reckless indulgence at supper had given her indigestion. Trust a man to find a gastronomic motive.

I came away with a headache. Solemn faces always have that effect on me, especially in pictures. Of course, Mamma prescribed magnesia. That will cure anything in Mamma's idea, from housemaid's knee to a broken heart. I don't remember that I took any. Oh, yes, I did. When will you come again? Good-bye. I love kissing your face. It's so pink. Don't let Stanley spoil it. All right, I'll come to tea at four. Come here! Let me kiss you again. Good-bye!

* * *

Mr. D. C. Haldeman is described, in a circular issued by the Insurance Company with which he is now associated, as the Joint Manager. Is it possible that Mr. Haldeman has connections with the Beef Trust?

* * *

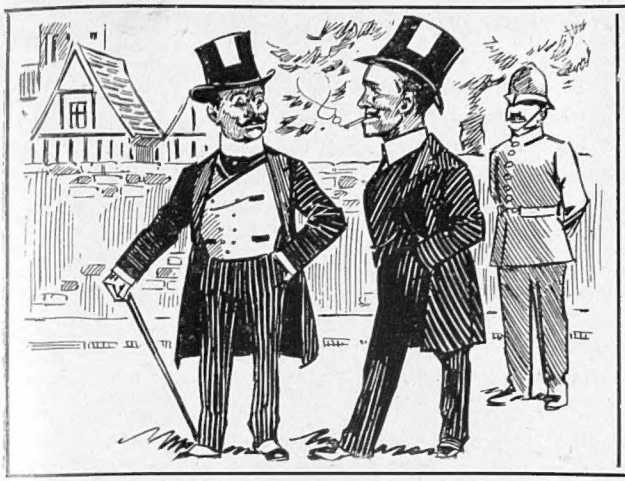
The Moors are holding the *Consuelo* crew to ransom. "The Little Moor and how much it is," commented the owners on receiving the news.

* * *

We are able to state that so important is the question of the Lords likely to become, that Mr. Asquith is urging upon the Premier the importance of having the head of the Ministry in a position to defend the Government's Bills in the House where they are likely to receive the greatest opposition.

Mr. Ælfred Fahey, whose picture, "The Conception of the Cross," we published in our last issue, has drawn my attention to the fact that I said he was the son-in-law of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, whereas he married the daughter of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, the well-known artist and Academician. I am very sorry this error crept in.—[ED., BYSTANDER.]

The Topictator



The Effect of Atmosphere

(Overheard in Lincoln's Inn during the Elizabethan Fête)

1ST CITIZEN: "Hast visited the revels?"
2ND CITIZEN: "A murrain on your revels! Grammercy! but the , pretty cozeners have mulcted me in every crown!"
ROBERT: "Balmy!"

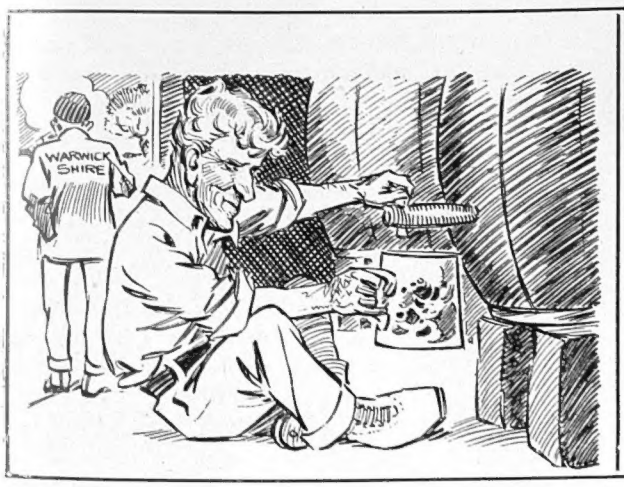
A Child in these Matters

(Earl Carrington, in a recent speech, confessed that he knew very little of poultry, but as Chairman of the Board of Agriculture he was learning)

"Dear me! So that's a hen—well! well!—we live and learn"

A Voice from the Past

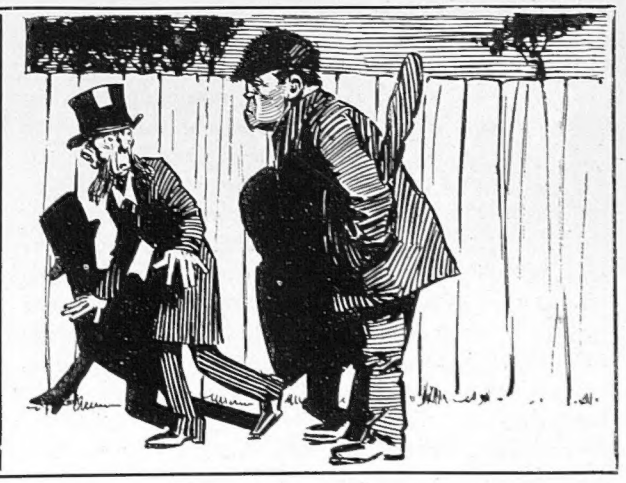
QUEEN ELIZABETH: "*Splendeur dex!* Times have changed since our day!"



Giving 'em Cider

(Somerset have begun their season well by soundly beatin Warwickshire)

ZAMMY: "Now, then, who's next?"



Higher Game

"But, my good man, I have no money—I'm a Hampstead ratepayer—I——"

"Oo said anythink abaht money? 'And over yer tram tickets!"

RACING NOTIONS

THIS WEEK'S PROSPECTS AT EPSOM. By "CARBINE"

The Blue Ribbon of the Turf

"You do not know what the Derby is," groaned Lord George Bentinck, in an agony of disappointment, when the news came that Surplice had won the great race, yet not in his colours, for he had sold the colt as a yearling. "Yes, I do," replied Lord Beaconsfield, "it is the Blue Ribbon of the Turf." The name given to the race by the great Statesman sixty years ago has clung to it ever since. The Derby is still the Blue Ribbon of racing, the event of all others that owners strive to win, the race which makes the strongest appeal to the sporting instincts of the masses. Some men have been lucky enough to win the Derby at the first attempt; others, like the late Sir Blundell Maple, have spent tens of thousands upon thoroughbreds without ever realising their ambition.

The Moments of a Lifetime

In an open year like the present the number of owners hoping for a triumph is unusually large. What an experience it must be to see the crowd suddenly surge against the rails of the enclosure in an impenetrable mass, wildly shouting your name as the owner of the winner; and then to descend to the course to lead in your horse amid the cheers of the populace and the hearty congratulations of your friends. Truly those must be the moments of a lifetime. All other racing disappointments must be reckoned as wiped out when a man leads in his first Derby winner.

Photo *Rouch*

Colonel W. Hall Walker's Black Arrow

Whom many people believe to be the best three-year-old when he likes to do his best. Last week he fell lame, but his owner hopes to start him for the Derby

An Eventful Week

Hopes were raised at one time that Nulli Secundus would do well for the King, but he ran very badly in a trial with Gorgos last week. This was not the only important event of the week in connection with the Derby, as Ramrod was scratched, Slavetrader also went amiss, while Black Arrow was actually lame and unable to gallop. Surely a momentous week for those who have betted on the race. First Lally went out to the reasonable price of 5 to 1, then almost as quickly he came back again to favouritism, and was backed at 2 to 1. The truth is that the "market" is by no means strong. The bookmakers want to drop several points if they know there is a hundred or two out for a certain horse, and a couple of "monkeys" will almost suffice nowadays to make a favourite. How different from the real heavy betting days, when as much as £100,000 was frequently landed in bets by the owner of the Derby winner. More people make bets nowadays than in the plunging era, but the stakes at issue are smaller.

Placing the First Three

The furore for Spearmint has somewhat slackened, but there is no doubt in the world that he has been substantially supported by those well-placed to know the colt's capacity. It is equally certain that Spearmint has acquitted himself splendidly in his gallops with Pretty Polly, and clever men, who seldom make mistakes at Newmarket, are swearing by Major Eustace Loder's representative. I am content to ignore his two-year-old mediocrity in view of the way in which Carbine's stock usually improve with age. Moreover, I know enough about his recent work to be confident that Spearmint was never half so good as he is now. I am sorry that Slavetrader has gone wrong, for his chance was a good one. Lally, I suspect, is a non-stayer. My view of the probable result is as follows:—**Spearmint, 1; Gorgos, 2; Troutbeck, 3.**

Other Races at Epsom

On Friday the Oaks, like the Derby, will be an open affair. Going upon their two-year-old running, Sweet Mary, Waterflower, Victorious, and Snow Glory are worthy of most consideration, but a new element is introduced by the Kingsclere filly Quair, who is reckoned better than Paid Up, who ran third in the One Thousand Guineas.

Selection for the Oaks

I believe **Sweet Mary** will prove successful, and for places I recommend Waterflower and Quair. Although not a "classic" day, Thursday at Epsom will furnish one of the most interesting programmes of the week. All being well, we shall see Pretty Polly in the Coronation Cup. Come Cicero, St. Amant, or Challacombe against her, I cannot believe in the possibility of the mare's defeat. Then there is the Royal Stakes, which may be won by Marconigram; the Durdans Plate, for which I fancy Ambition in spite of his top weight; and the Great Surrey Foal Stakes, which looks good for Hexagon. Lord Carnarvon may win the Acorn Stakes on Friday with Futurity.

Jockeys who will Ride in the Derby

M. Cannon (His Eminence)

The field for the Derby is likely to number not less than twenty, and the demand for the best jockeys has accordingly been exceptional. Major Eustace Loder has been lucky enough to secure the services of Maher to ride Spearmint, who will not lack for anything, therefore, in the matter of jockeyship. No jockey rides with more delicate hands or with better judgment than Maher, who has already won two Derbies—on Rock Sand and Cicero. Mornington Cannon, always a favourite with the public, rides His Eminence for Lord Howard de Walden. B. Dillon is in the enviable position of being on the favourite, Lally; while that determined finisher, Madden, has the mount of Mr. Bass's Sancy, the hope of the Manton stable. F. Rickaby will get a rare chance of distinguishing himself if he rides Gorgos; while H. Aylin has been brought from the Continent to steer Malua.

F. Rickaby (Gorgos)

D. Maher (Spearmint)

O. Madden (Sancy)

B. Dillon (Lally)

H. Aylin (Malua)

ROUND THE TOWN

Peace at Last!

Mingled with the respectful congratulations and the good wishes which the whole nation will to-morrow offer to the King of Spain and H.R.H. Princess Victoria Eugenie of Battenberg on the occasion of their marriage, will be no small feeling of relief—on the part of the chroniclers of such good wishes, at all events, and probably on the part of the people who read about them—that the fatal deed is done. It is rather nice, anyway, to be able to state as a fact that this Royal match, at any rate, is very surely one of preference. King Alfonso, during his stay at Biarritz and in England, for all his youth and kept-backedness, showed himself not only in love, but badly so, and this very evident and pleasing fact has doubtless done much to account for the quite untroubled vision of her future which the young Queen-elect has all along cherished; even the rather saddening thought that once Lady William Cecil hands her over to the ladies of the Spanish Court, at the conclusion of the marriage service, the Princess's maid will be the only English person in the whole of her *entourage*, has had no power to disturb her serene happiness.

The Height of the Season

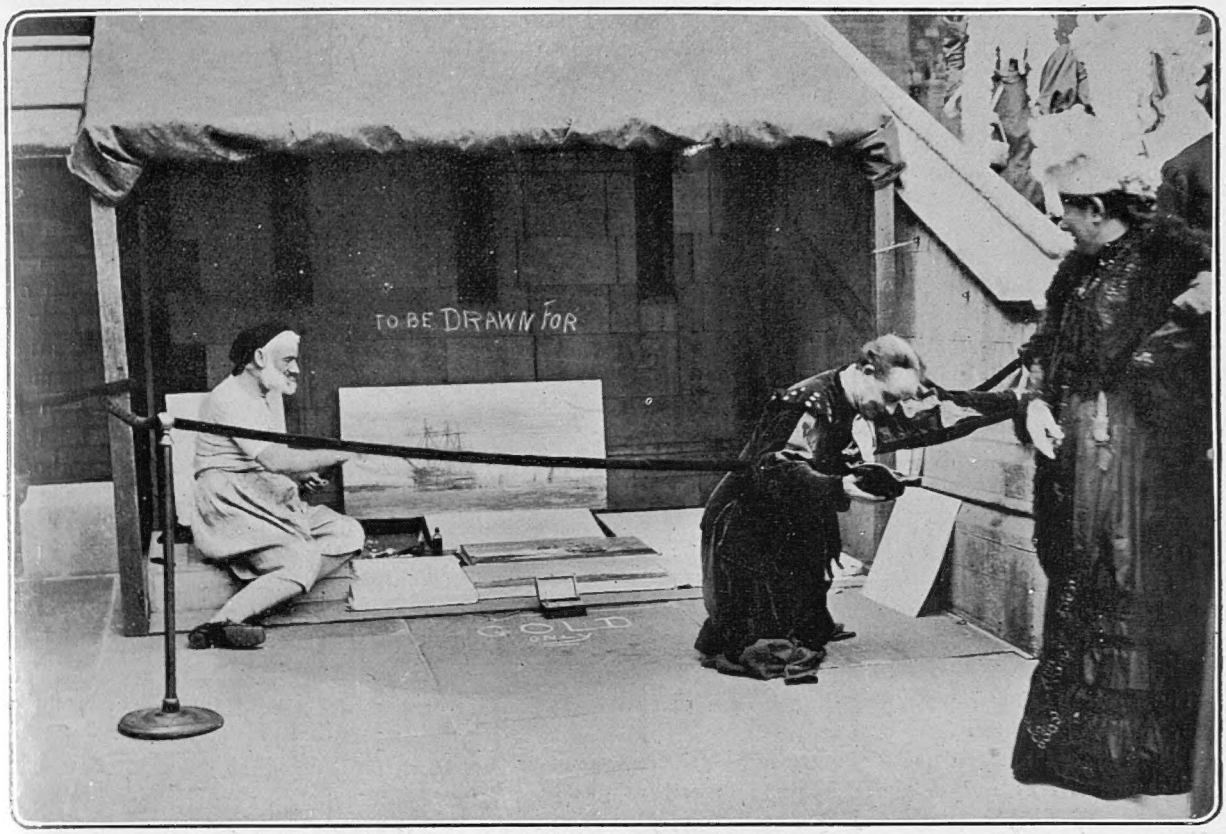
The season is now in full swing. The park is full, morning and evening; the Derby is run to-day (Wednesday); Bond Street is blocked; and the Royal Standard floats defiantly from the roof of the King's palace. No day is without its full complement of doings—social, charitable, and otherwise—both for Royalty and commoners. Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and the river are looking their loveliest, although, so fascinating is London these chilly Spring days, no one has given a thought to the latter as yet. The King has been getting through a simply enormous number of engagements — all with the smiling tact which never, no never, deserts His Majesty—chief amongst them being his inspection of the troops at Aldershot, a farewell dinner-party to Princess Ena the night before her departure for Spain, two Levées, two Drawing Rooms, the opening of the new offices of the Hearts of Oak Benefit Society, and several other things, not to mention the ordinary business of the life of a Sovereign — and — a little racing. No wonder the Royal visit to Lord Sandwich at Whitsuntide is to be of such a strictly private nature!

Photo] **Princess Ena's arrival at Victoria to entrain for her future casa les in Spain** *[Illustrations Bureau*

The Princess, looking radiant in blue, with flowers in her hat and hand, and joy in her face, took her departure in the presence of the King, Queen, and Royal Family, on Thursday last from Victoria, and is now in Madrid, where, on the 31st, she will be married

The Elizabethan Fête

A MEDIÆVAL FAIR IN LINCOLN'S INN



A pavement R.A. at the Elizabethan Fête

Mr. W. L. Wyllie, R.A., helped the charities for which this fête was held by assuming the guise of an Elizabethan buccaneer, and, as a pavement-artist, painting a sea-fight. His efforts brought in showers of silver and gold

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

The Lady Mayoress and the Lord Mayor (at the back) opening the Elizabethan Fair and Fête at Lincoln's Inn on Thursday last

The Late Henrik Ibsen

Wyllie, the Bold Buccaneer

The Elizabethan fair in Lincoln's Inn was a great success, and of the many distinguished people who acted as showmen, the palm must be awarded Mr. W. L. Wyllie, R.A., whose pavement-artist act brought in showers of silver and gold. Attired as a buccaneer, the Royal Academician attacked his work with so much energy that the piratical sea-fight was almost waged through the canvas. Mr. Wyllie's masquerade of his humble brother of the brush opens up immense possibilities for celebrities in future charitable fêtes. We might have distinguished physicians drawing teeth to the music of a brass band; eminent lawyers dressed as "devils"; famous Generals doing the goose-step; while learned divines might dress as blacksmiths and run a side-show entitled, "Gretna Green."

* * *

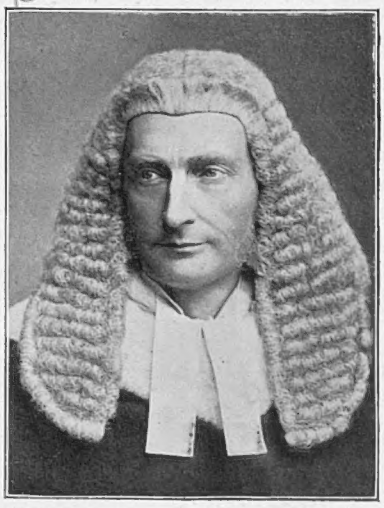


Photo *London Stereo. Co.*

Mr. Justice Grantham

Whose judgments on the two Election petitions at Yarmouth and Maidstone, in favour of the Conservative Members, are being discussed heatedly in the House of Commons and the country

Norway's Loss

The Spanish Royal pageantry over, the foreign Sovereigns who will loom most largely in the public eye will be those of Norway. It is sad that the Coronation orgies in honour of King Haakon and Queen "Magde," as I believe the Norsemen have it, should suffer by the mourning into which all Norway will be thrown by the death of its greatest living citizen, Henrik Ibsen. As to Ibsen's position in the world of the drama and literature, the critics of THE BYSTANDER will, no doubt, have their say in due time. From my point of view, the name of Ibsen is painfully reminiscent of a race of too serious, too strenuous, and too angular female theatre-goers. Of course, Ibsen was an enormously great man, and, no doubt, posterity will pronounce his name with bated breath. But, alas, for our generation at least, that admiration for him should have been marred by his too zealous partisans. It was Wagner who exclaimed, "Save me from these Wagnerians," and a similar wail might have gone up from the great soul of the dead poet-dramatist, had he, indeed, been conscious of the existence, as we knew them, of the Ibsenites.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The late Dr. Henrik Ibsen

Henrik Ibsen, the famous Norwegian poet and dramatist, who died last Wednesday. His plays have been translated into most European languages, and have had enormous effect on the thought of the world

* * *

Mr. Justice Grantham

Mr. Justice Grantham has so often been in hot water that he is probably undismayed by the determined efforts being made by Liberal and Nationalist Members in the House of Commons to challenge his impartiality in the two recently tried election petitions at Maidstone and Great Yarmouth. His inability to conceal the strong views of a "stern, unbending Tory" was the subject of comment on all sides. He is one of the judges whose demeanour and attitude upon the Bench merit far too often the significant expressions, "dead in favour of" and "dead against." He combines, in a peculiarly unfortunate manner, the functions upon the Bench of a social reformer and a judge. Every now and again he drops the mantle of the judge and launches forth into some diatribe upon a social question arising out of the case. The result is that those who hold the same views smile at the thought of the strange place from which they have derived a champion, and those against whom he rages thirst for his blood. But there is one class among whom he is most popular—the law reporters. No matter how dull the case, there is always a chance of Mr. Justice Grantham riding the high horse. I can recall an instance some three years ago. The case was dull, everyone in Court was listless, the reporters were lolling in their benches, when suddenly Mr. Justice Grantham launched forth into a tirade against the Roman Catholics. The reporters allowed themselves one second's gaze of blank astonishment, and then down they dropped on to their note-books, and the next morning Mr. Justice Grantham's name was glaring before the public.

* * *

The King's Hostesses

There is nothing the King likes so much, bar racing, as a quiet little dinner at a friend's house, followed by a game of bridge, and he has, since he returned to Town, made quite a practice of dining out. Lady Farquhar, Lady Savile, the Countess of Powis, Millicent Lady Hindlip, and Lady Colebrooke, are among the hostesses whom His Majesty has honoured with his presence at dinner, and the King's jovial presence at these parties, as well as at bigger and less private functions, has given just that touch to the season's gaieties which was somehow so badly wanting.

By the way, I hear that the King, in proof of the admiration for all things Austrian which he has always had, had "two go's of everything" at the Viennese luncheon given him at Earl's Court the other day, and also that he is looking so well and

The Minister from the North Pole

pleased with life just now because the success of the Royal visit to India has been so complete and because he suggested it. The "I told you so" feeling is as gratifying to princes as to ordinary mortals!

* * *

Lady Powis

Lady Powis is one of the King's hostesses, and is also one of the "exclusives." A charming woman, full of sympathy and tact, and with a peculiar grace nd dignity all her own, Lady Powis is, nevertheess, by no means facile in her dealings with the less lesirable of the newly rich who have so invaded Society f late years, and has, indeed, een known to administer e snub direct with that merring precision and eadly aim which is the rticular gift of the blue-looded. Lady Powis has ntertained largely since her narriage to Lord Powis at their interesting house in Berkeley Square (which still retains its two-hundred-ears old "foot-runners' extinguishers," and the brass late bearing the inscription, "Earl of Powis"), and at Powis Castle, and, like her sister, Lady Yarborough, takes a keen and intelligent interest in all that concerns the public welfare. With her sister, Lady Powis is co-heiress to the Barony of her late father, the well-known Baron Conyers.

Sir Thomas Glen-Coats

Director of the famous firm of cotton manufacturers, who has rented Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's house in Belgrave Square. Sir Thomas is a multi-millionaire, and Commodore of the Royal Northern Yacht Club

* * *

New Diplomat

Our latest recruit to the ranks of diplomacy—Dr. Nansen, Norwegian Minister to the Court of St. James's—may not be experienced in the paths of diplomacy, but, as he himself coyly confesses, he has "seen life" of another kind in another locality, notably up at the North Pole, where I believe the carryings-on of the polar-bears are really a scandal, and he often relates, with horror, an eye-opening experience he once had in Greenland, when he arrived at an Esquimaux dinner-party to find the ladies clad in nothing more nor less than a yard of ribbon, and that, I believe, was in their hair. But I must be careful! Once before, by unseemly levity, I offended all Norway, and drew down on my innocent and well-meaning head the most awful recriminations! By the way, I suppose Dr. Nansen was sent to us because King Haakon knew from personal experience the rigours of an English Spring, and decided that only an Arctic explorer could stand it.

"The Polar Plenipotentary"

Dr. Nansen, the new Norwegian Minister to Britain, skiing, by which method of locomotion he crossed Greenland. Nansen's Polar experiences will have prepared him to endure the English Spring with little or no discomfort

* * *

A Yachting Cotton King

Sir Thomas Glen-Coats is occupying Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's house in Belgrave Square during the latter gentleman's sojourn in Downing Street. Sir Thomas, as everyone knows, is one of the heads of the great cotton firm, an enthusiastic yachtsman, and is many times a millionaire. He manages to enjoy life, however, in spite of this cross, to the fullest extent, and has just been elected Commodore of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, in succession to the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Inverclyde, and others. At Ferguslie Park, Paisley, and at Brodick, in the Isle of Arran, Sir Thomas and Lady Glen-Coats are celebrated for their good works and lavish entertainments

Photo *Lafayette*

Lord Castlereagh, M.P.

Eldest son of Lord Londonderry, who narrowly escaped being unseated at Maidstone by a petition tried before Mr. Justice Grantham

Roberts's Farewell to Billiards

Roberts's Farewell

I am sure all billiard players will be sorry to hear that John Roberts, who has been recognised as the finest player in the United Kingdom for the last thirty years, is about to retire from the game for good. Though billiards is most men's pastime, as a profession, it is, perhaps, as strenuous as any; and continuous playing, often for long periods on end, to say nothing of the worries and vexations which all who travel about from place to place have to experience, have made it imperative for Roberts to retire from the game, though he is still far from being an old man, as he is fifty-seven. His farewell match is now being played at Hengler's Circus against Edward Diggle—to whom he gives 2,500 start in 18,000 up. The attendance of the public has been exceedingly good, and all amateurs should take an opportunity of seeing Roberts play before the close of the match on June 2.

Photos *Elliott and Fry*

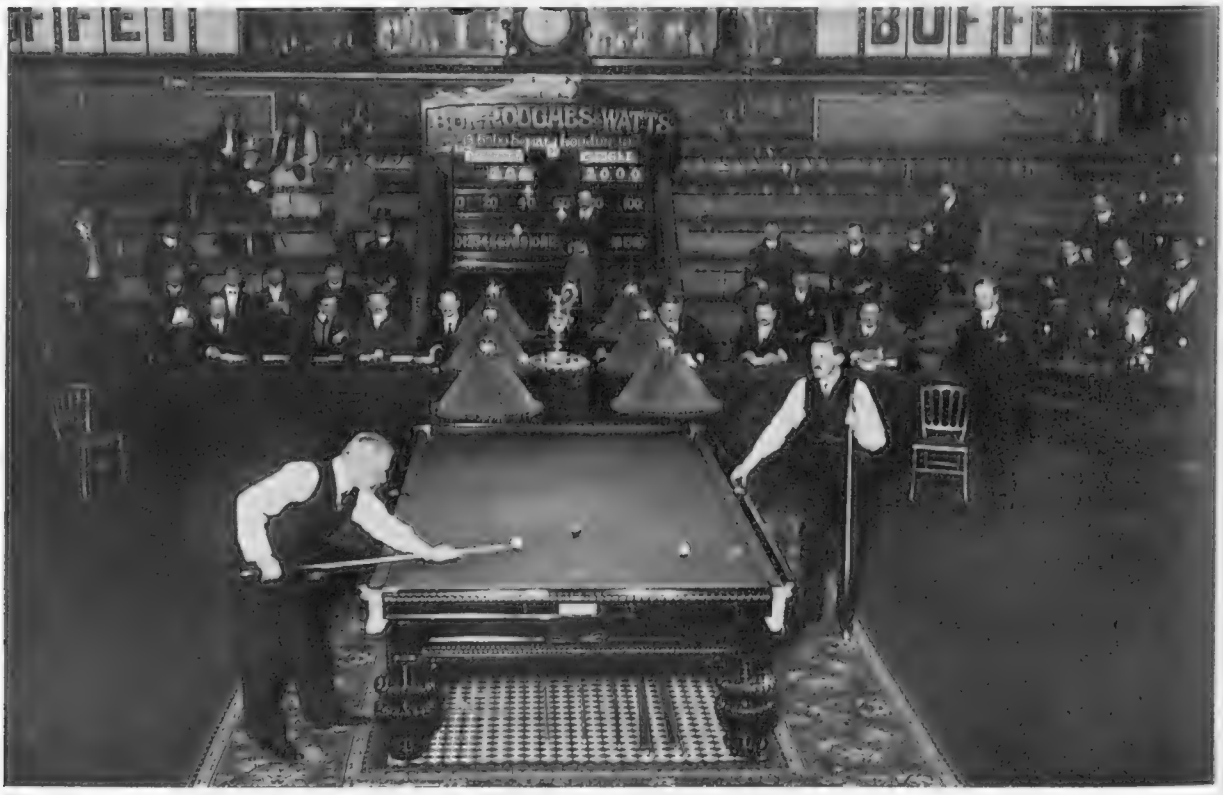
Lord and Lady Galway

Who are, together, abandoning to its fate the London season, and betaking themselves by means of a swift motor across the Continent, where for many months they will be "still running"

* * *

Motors, the Opera, and Rus in Urbe

Madame Melba, who is in such delicate health just now that she has already had to allow a substitute to take her place at Covent Garden, will reside most of the summer at Coombe, where she has taken Admiral Lord and Lady Charles Beresford's charming house. Residence in this most favoured spot is no deterrent to opera-going, or, indeed, any other form of the season's amusements, for the run to town in a motor is accomplished in less than half an hour, and when Madame Melba has recovered from her cold she will probably come to the opera with that most enthusiastic opera-goer, her friend Lady de Grey, who this year has her usual stage box on the grand tier, opposite the Duke of Bedford's, for every night in the week. Coombe, Wimbledon, and the purlieus of Putney Heath, are easily accessible by road, and many well-known people now motor back from theatre or dance. Lady de Grey, who has been an ardent automobilist, frequently uses her car when returning from her many social engagements. Other Wimbledon residents are Lord Beauchamp and Lord Ancaster. Motors, indeed, are answerable for much rusticating, to the detriment of the London season, and as an example of the way



Photo] **John Roberts in the middle of an easy break** *[Hailstones, Ltd.*

The famous billiard player is about to retire from the profession, and is now playing his farewell match, against Diggle, in which he gives his rival 2,500 start in 18,000 up

The Ubiquitous Motor-Car

In Germany

Prince Henry of Prussia driving a 60 h.-p. Benz car, which he will personally drive in the Herkomer Trophy Contest

In Italy

King Edward on tour in a British-built Daimler

ey are, nowadays, distributing celebrities o'er the rth's surface, we may refer the reader to the photo-raphs on this page, wherein we see our own King roaming over Italy in a Daimler, Prince Henry of Prussia in a racing Benz, and Sir Henry and Lady Colvile in process of conveying a car to Japan.

En route for Japan

Sir Henry and Lady Colvile, who are now on the way to Japan, where they are taking with them an Argyll car on which to explore the flowery highways and bowery byways of the Land of the Rising Sun

The New Régime at Holyrood

Gay Edinburgh

There is nothing our Scotch brethren admire so much as the generous outpouring of the "brightest and best" in others, and so the acceptance by Lord Colebrooke of the office of Lord High Commissioner is universally welcomed. Lady Colebrooke, too, is one of the shining lights among Liberal hostesses. It is even rumoured that she has ambitions for reviving the political *salon*, and, with her gift of adaptability, talent, and looks, of the order which the late Lord Beaconsfield most admired, there is really no reason why she should not successfully do so. Lady Colebrooke boasts a taste for the fine arts, a painting studio in Paris, a workshop at Abington House, where she turns her hand to woodcarving, a Russian droshky, which she drives herself—three horses abreast—a coach which she takes along with equal dexterity, and, amongst other things, a unique set of Battersea enamels. Lord Colebrooke's latest appointment is that of Lord-in-Waiting to the King, and both he and his wife are godchildren to King Edward, who, accompanied by the Queen, was present at their wedding.

* * *

A Solved Problem

I do not often decide that the life of a bachelor gay and free is far and away the best for a man, but really, after a visit to St. James's Court, Buckingham Gate, and a peep at two flats intended for the untaxed bachelor (one of two rooms and a bath, with "welcome" written, not on the mat, but all over it; the other a luxurious collection of bedrooms and dressing-rooms and lounges and boudoirs, both full of flowers and furniture and china and books, but kept with a most exquisite and sweet-smelling daintiness), I slightly altered my opinion. To be valeted, housemaided, and "buttled," as Mr. G. P. Huntley has it, with no more trouble than the signing of a cheque at the end of the quarter entails, and to be able also, when one felt inclined, to go downstairs and dine or lunch in the gay little restaurant, which resembles nothing so much as the dining-room of one's favourite and most exclusive of clubs, were, indeed, somewhere near the ideal of living.

(From a painting by Benjamin Constant)

Lady Colebrooke

A shining light among Liberal hostesses, who, her husband having been appointed Lord High Commissioner, will now illuminate the Society of Edinburgh from the ample headquarters of Holyrood Palace

* * *

St. James's Court

Looking through a list of St. James's Court inhabitants, where there are as many tenants *en famille* as otherwise, I discovered quite a host of people one knew — diplomats and Service people especially. Evidently its outlook on to Buckingham Palace, together with its nearness to the Court, the Houses of Parliament, the Admiralty, and the War Office, and its other socially desirable qualities, appeal to them; and, indeed, I can think of no easier way of solving at least half of the problems of this troublesome life than to take up one's quarters there.

* * *

The Hohenzollern Succession

The birth of a son and heir to the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany has been denied, and the joy in the Fatherland over the surety of the succession is thereby proved to be premature. The nineteen-year-old Crown Princess, since her marriage last June, has, for many reasons, already become quite a favourite with the German people.

Holyrood Palace

To which Lord Colebrooke has been appointed Lord High Commissioner. Holyrood is the old residence of the Scottish kings, and was visited by the King in 1903. The present appointment is expected to result in some elaborate entertaining in Edinburgh

The Countess of Powis

An "exclusive" hostess, who has been entertaining the King, and who is noted for sympathy and tact and intelligent interest in public affairs, and also for the fact that she treats as trespassers any *nouveaux riches* who may presume to invade her circle

Public Apathy About Consumption

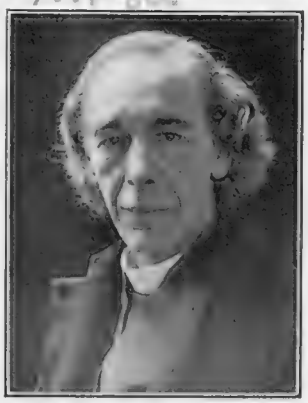
A Volunteer Marquis

Lieut.-Colonel Greig has requested me to state that the annual inspection of the London Scottish V.R.C. takes place on June 9 in Hyde Park (opposite the Knightsbridge Barracks), at 7 p.m., and this announcement reminds me that the Right Hon. Walter Long has been succeeded by the Marquis of Bath as Commander of the Royal Wilts Imperial Yeomanry. Lord Bath should for ever be affectionately regarded in the hearts of Volunteers, for was it not he who, in the House of Lords, tried to get permission for Irregulars to be able to buy as much spirit as they jolly-well liked, as opposed to the limited purchasing powers of the Regulars?

* * *

The New High Almoner

The Dean of Westminster, the Very Rev. W. Armitage Robinson, who has just been appointed His Majesty's High Almoner, in the place of the late Bishop of Ely, is one of the most genial and broad-minded of Churchmen. Much has been said lately with regard to churches without people, but when I went to the Abbey a few Sundays ago I found it full to overflowing, and the congregation listened intently to the Dean's able and scholarly sermon. Among the new High Almoner's duties will be that of distributing the Maundy money on Maundy Thursday.



The Dean of Westminster

Whom the King has just appointed to be High Almoner, in the place of the late Bishop of Ely (Lord Alwyne Compton)

* * *

Some Interesting Portraits

Mrs. Leslie Cotton has succeeded in collecting together a most interesting lot of people on whom to practise the subtle art of portrait painting, and all her subjects are of such well-known people that it is quite a new game to walk into the Knoedler Galleries in Bond Street and compare the pictures with the originals just met outside. There is a very nice one of Lord Howard de Walden, more poetic and Byronic than ever in what looks like a white night-gown open in a negligent manner at the neck, and flanked on the east and west by a black velvet dressing-gown. One of Lord Hastings, a very flaxen, chubby little boy, clad in velveteens, and clasping a gun tightly to his chest, will rather amuse his lordship later on. Lady Dickson Poynder's curious blue eyes and spiritual expression have been very strikingly portrayed, and H.S.H. Prince Francis of Teck looks rather *à la* Kaiser Wilhelm in a green Homburg hat and a brown shooting coat. The Hon. Mrs. Rupert Beckett, in filmy black draperies; Princess Hatzfeldt, Lady Savile, and the pretty Countess of Westmorland, with her pocket editions of children, are some of the most noticeable features in this very up-to-date and interesting collection.

Photo Elliott and Fry

Dr. N. D. Bardswell

New Superintendent of the King's Sanatorium for the treatment of consumption, and one of the chief authorities of the day on the subject

* * *

The King Edward VII. Sanatorium at Midhurst

His Majesty the King's interest in the question of the prevention and cure of tuberculosis is too well known to need dwelling upon, but the public will, perhaps, have forgotten that this sanatorium for the treatment and study of consumption, which is to be the most perfect of its kind in the world, is the result of a gift of £200,000 which was placed at the disposal of the King about four years ago by Sir Ernest Cassel. The sanatorium, which is built to accommodate about fifty patients, in addition to the staff, is, of course, built all through in accordance with open-air-treatment principles, and Dr. N. D. Bardswell, a man of only just over thirty, has been appointed as superintendent. Dr. Bardswell, however, has already been in command of one sanatorium for the treatment of consumption, and he is looked upon as one of the chief authorities of the day on the subject. It is hoped that King Edward himself will travel down to Midhurst to open formally the sanatorium some time in June.

* * *

Miscellaneous Items

His Majesty the King is expected to spend Whitsuntide with the Earl of Sandwich, at Hinchingbrooke, Huntingdonshire.

* * *

Her Highness Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein was present, on the 17th inst., at a meeting of the Ladies' Association of the Great Northern Central Hospital, Holloway, and afterwards visited the wards of the hospital. Her Highness is a Vice-President of the Ladies' Association, and is holding a stall at the bazaar which will take place at the Royal Albert Hall on June 26 and 27, in aid of the funds of the Hospital and the establishment of a Convalescent Home.

* * *

To-day, Derby Day, His Majesty gives his usual dinner to the members of the Jockey Club at Buckingham Palace. There are no fewer than four big dances; and at Ranelagh there are two exciting polo matches, one being Ranelagh *v.* 1st Life Guards, and the other Ranelagh *v.* Royal Horse Guards.

* * *

Débutantes are congratulating themselves on the fact that they live in the Alexandrian and not in the Victorian era, and, therefore, will be able to attend the Oaks as well as the second Court on Friday.

BYSTANDER.

Her First Complaint

HAD ALWAYS DONE HER BEST

AUGUSTUS (*to his fiancée*): "Couldn't you kiss me a little more affectionately dear?"
ARABELLA: "Well, I do my best; but you are the first one that has ever complained!"

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

The PLAYHOUSES

"Undine" and "The Whirlwind" at the Criterion

In a week of many productions the strongest, most interesting, and most appreciated, is the English version of Mr. Bernstein's Paris success. The translation of *La Rafale* is simply and excellently effected by Mr. Harry Melvill, who preserves the rapid drama of the action, and the direct and incisive dialogue, almost without a change, and yet makes his play wholly English. But even if the translator had done his work less adroitly, Mrs. Patrick Campbell is so excellently well fitted with the part of the Countess of Ellingham that we might have been certain *The Whirlwind* would sweep all fashionable London to the Criterion. One is, of course, the devoted admirer of both Mme. Simone le Bargy, who played the part in Paris, and of Mme. Réjane, who gave us her view of Hélène (she becomes Silvia in the course of transplantation) last January in London, and yet we are convinced no one can portray quite so truly this delicate, tempestuous, devoted, entrancing modern woman of the world as can the first emotional actress of our native stage. The play is strong and direct from beginning to end. The Earl of Ellingham (Mr. Geo. Bealby) and Silvia have made a marriage after the now *demodé* fashion of convenience. To do this the young and beautiful wife has disappointed the hopes of a more or less devoted middle-class, rich cousin, Joseph Locksley (Mr. Denis Eadie), and tied herself to a life that soon grows to be insupportable. Into the misery of her days comes the handsome, debonair lover, Hugh Carlton (Mr. Frank Worthing), who—fortunately for the plot but otherwise regrettably, for he is very pleasant—is a ruined gambler. It is this fact that matters. Silvia wants to save him from a certain disgrace by finding an enormous sum of money and placing it at his disposal without his knowing whence it comes. She throws convention to the winds, and devotes the whole of her passionate nature to this end. She finds, although her father, Sir Henry Langham (Mr. A. G. Poulton), is rich, and her jewels of great price, that £30,000 is not to be obtained in a few hours, and she is driven at last to an appeal to Locksley, whose terms are dishonour.

Mr. Cyril Maude in "Shore Acres"

Mr. Cyril Maude has made a considerable personal success in the American "melodrama of sentiment," just produced at the Waldorf, as the good and amusing brother of a dull and wicked farmer-lighthouse keeper. This style of play is a new departure which might catch on—and then again . . .

Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Triumph

In these various scenes — when she listens to Carlton's story of his losses; when she tells her father of her need of money, and he drags the secret of her love from her; in her interviews with her cousin, and in the catastrophe of the third act—the vivid, brilliant, arresting personality of Mrs. Campbell carried the play along with an irresistible amount of spirit and force. Difficult as is the part of Silvia, especially in English, it is always easily within the wide span of the actress' fine gifts and happy intuitions. Her voice in the part possesses the particular *timbre* that the more ambitious syrens cultivated of old, combined with the suggestion of tears that touches all hearers into sympathy. Her physical and mental attitude is one of intense sensitiveness; alert, graceful, sincere, womanly, thrilling, she convinces from the first moment of her entry until the fall of the curtain. She has never looked more beautiful, nor have her dresses been more entirely appropriate and skilfully planned. The group of stage friends and relations that surrounds her is well composed. Her lover, Mr. Worthing, at first nervous, rises to the fine situations; Mr. Denis Eadie gives a clever and bitter picture of a middle-class Englishman, which greatly helps the play; Mr. Poulton comes through the ordeal as the heroine's father with artistic honours, and

"Undine" and "the Whirlwind"

Mr. Frank Worthing
as Hugh Carlton.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell
as
Undine.

Mrs Patrick Campbell
as Countess of Ellingham.

Miss Mabel Beardsley
as Mrs Guy Rushcliff.

Mr. Dennis Eadie
as Joseph Locksley.

at the Criterion Theatre.

DRAWN BY CHARLES R. SYKES

Miss Mabel Beardsley lends the scene a note of brightness and gaiety that is welcome. But, *entre nous*, *The Whirlwind* is Mrs. Pat, although the others help. It is one more triumph for an almost always conquering artist who had already achieved something of a victory, earlier in the evening, in Mr. W. L. Courtney's "dream play," *Undine*. This interesting essay in poetic drama is much more likely to be popular now than when produced in the country—for it has been reduced to a single act.

"Coppélia" at the Empire

The whirligig of dance time brings in plenty of revenges, and thus the Empire is now reproducing the old grand ballet that is, perhaps, going to be in vogue in place of the *divertissements* that we have become accustomed to. If we must have the more or less classic story and dancing that the middle-aged recall as the fashion of their youth, what better combination has the world to give than the beautiful music of Léo Delibes, the applauded dancing of Genée, the *ensemble* that the Empire always produces.

The story does not matter in the least, and nobody really wants to know what is happening, although, for those who care to follow such things, *Coppélia* has intention and to spare. This middle-aged ballet was born in Paris about thirty-five years ago, and, as has already been stated in THE BYSTANDER, some years ago Her Majesty the Queen saw Genée dance in it at Copenhagen, and begged that it might be seen in London. The music and Genée are the essentials of the present delightful show. The former stands the biting test of over thirty years, and the dancer is more clever, more inspiring than ever. Genée surpasses all other chief dancers in that she seems more truly to enjoy herself and the spectacle of which she is the centre and the soul. The ballet smile had become a by-word in the land until this gifted Danish lady dealt with the matter and turned it into a welcoming charm, a sure delight. To see Genée dance and smile, and to hear again the remembered Delibes music, is pleasure enough for one evening, but the Empire programme provides a dozen other delights.

H. W. E. M.

Photo] **Mlle. Parkina** [*Bassano*

Who is playing at Covent Garden this season in various rôles, of which the most popular is that of Musetta in *La Bohème*

Melba's Absence from "La Bohème"

The ills that operatic flesh is heir to have begun thus early in the season to assert themselves. The first disappointment was suffered on Monday week, when Melba was too indisposed to sing her favourite rôle of Mimi in *La Bohème*. As the *diva* had, on the previous Thursday, given tremendous satisfaction in Puccini's lovely music, the news of her early absence was somewhat of a shock to those who had hoped for a repetition on Monday. However, *La Bohème*, fortunately, is by no means an opera primarily for the *donna*. There are other possible Mimis, as Mme. Donalda, who took the part, successfully proved, and for the rest, a cast which includes Caruso as Rodolfo, and Mlle. Parkina as Musetta, Scotti, Gillibert, and Journet, is one that can hold an enraptured house, Melba or no Melba. In fact, Puccini's opera allows, as it is generally known, rather more chance for glory to the little Musetta than the Mimi altogether likes, for that suffering, sorrowing lady in black has a saddening rather than an exhilarating effect on the listener, whereas Musetta is *la joie*, and it is known that jealous "scenes" 'twixt the impersonators of those parts are of frequent occurrence "behind."

The Tivoli

Some idea of Mr. Harry Lauder's popularity may be gauged from the great reception accorded him upon his return recently to the Tivoli, after a month's absence, due to indisposition. It is a nice point to decide whether the public or the comedian is to blame for the long run enjoyed by music-hall songs and business. Night after night, week after week, month after month, the great conservative music-hall public flocks to hear the same comedian sing the same song and crack the same jokes. I believe that if Mr. Lauder gave them a new song not quite to their liking, the audience would start humming "Stop Your Tickling, Jock," in gentle resentment. Theatrical managers must occasionally look with feelings of envy upon the constant and long-suffering audience for which their brethren of the music-halls have to cater.

PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

Mme. Curie

The appointment of Mme. Curie to the Chair of Science, vacant by the tragic death of her eminent husband, has given general satisfaction. To the women of France it is especially interesting, as it is the first time that a woman has ever officially become a professor in a university. I say "officially," for there is an instance on record of a lady having done so unofficially. That lady was Jean d'Andre's daughter, the beautiful Novella, so versed in canonic law that during her father's illness she took his place at the Bologna University. Petrarch was among her pupils; and we are told that he took great pleasure in listening to her melodious voice. He and the others had to be satisfied with that, for the Bologna municipality, fearing that Novella's beauty might distract the students' attention from their work, insisted on her lecturing from behind a curtain, whence she could be heard and not seen. There is joy in the feminist camp here in Paris, and the vanguard of the noisy sisterhood even entertained the idea of presenting Mme. Curie with a congratulatory address. Fortunately, the plan was abandoned. Mme. Curie's work is scarcely second to that of her husband, for it was she who led the way in the researches which culminated in the discovery of Radium. Well may the new lady-professor be proud of the high post assigned to her as a reward for her immense services rendered to the world of science.

Madame Curie, the new Professor of Science in Paris

Madame Curie has been appointed to the Chair of Science at the Sorbonne. She is almost as well-known a scientist as her late husband, and it was she who led the way in the researches which ended in the discovery of radium

* * *

Judges and Criminals

M. Goron—the late chief of the Paris detective police, and one of our celebrities—once made some biting remarks to me about the gentlemen on the Bench. "Judges and magistrates," he said, "are not psychologists. Beneath the criminal they do not see the man; and that is why their justice is never tempered with mercy." This occurred a few years ago, when we had not yet heard of M. Magnaud, known throughout France as "*Le Bon Juge*," the newly elected Deputy for the fourth Paris *arrondissement*. M. Magnaud certainly is an exception; and even my friend, M. Goron, cannot find fault with him. Much has been written and said about this kind-hearted judge, who presides over the tribunal in Château-Thierry; but few know the story of how he dealt with one of those homeless wanderers whom the law terms vagabonds. The tramp had been guilty of two heinous offences. Firstly, he had been found without a penny in his pocket, and, secondly, he had knocked at the door of a farmhouse and asked for a crust of bread. He pleaded guilty to both charges, and all the judge had to do was to commit him to prison.

* * *

"A Daniel Come to Judgment"

But M. Magnaud was not satisfied with the evidence, and he asked the prosecuting gentleman what course the man should have taken to have been within the law. "He should have applied for relief at the proper quarter," was the prompt reply. "Very well," said the judge, "but, in this instance, where was the proper quarter?". The learned gentleman had to reflect a little, and then mentioned a town ten miles distant from the hamlet where the tramp was found. "According to you," resumed the judge, "a man, footsore and hungry, must trudge through a pelting rain on the risk of dying by the roadside? I agree with you that his duty was to apply to the proper quarter; but, by placing these beyond the man's reach, it is you, or rather the system on which you base your prosecution, that is wrong. I condemn your system, and, therefore, I shall acquit this man." Thus spoke the good judge; and since then he has surprised the world with other sentences, equally remarkable, and tending to revolutionise the present order of things

* * *

The d'Angely Case

Our papers here wisely abstained from commenting upon the d'Angely case, leaving it to the British public and to the English Press to thresh out the matter. M Judet, however, the Anglophobist, committed the mistake, in his anti-Government sheet, *L'Eclair*, of taking the London police to task about their want of

discretion. M. Judet ought to have remembered that similar "mistakes" have been, unfortunately, a little too frequent in our good city of Paris. We all remember how the late Mme. Céline Montaland, the distinguished actress of the Comédie Française, on her way home from the theatre, was arrested by an official of the "Police des Mœurs," and taken to the station on the charge of being a street-walker. Nothing could induce the official to acknowledge he had committed an unpardonable error. He swore he had seen the lady accost men in the streets; and when he was expelled the force he still posed as a victim A similar mistake was made with the sister and the fiancée of a well-known journalist; and it was only after a Press campaign had been started against the Police Préfecture, that this august body condescended to offer a tardy apology. As to the number of unfortunate work-girls, the victims of the "Agents des Mœurs'" constant blunders, their names would fill a column. But these cases, on account of the victims' humble position, are generally hushed up. And everybody approves M. Henri Turot, the distinguished member of the Paris Municipal Council, who, for the last three years, has been clamouring for the abolition of the abominable Police des Mœurs system.

* * *

More About the Small-Hat League

There is nothing we desire more than to have the view of the stage unencumbered by hats and feathers, but we are not going the right way about it. The Small-Hat League is a farce. To begin with, the *grande dame* never sets a fashion, because, being a *grande dame*, she is not conspicuous. It is not her part in life to do eccentric things and be talked about in the eccentric papers; and if she does, she immediately descends from her pedestal and becomes a *petite dame*—which is not the same thing. She, therefore, has no influence upon the theatre-going public, because she is not noticed. She may wear the smallest and smallest of hats, but she wears it in a private box, and the private boxes of our Paris theatres are boxes indeed—small, dark, and behind the dress-circle, too far from the stalls to interest them. You can wear what you please in a box—a large hat, a small hat, or a pancake—nobody cares; you are as far from Paris as if you lived in Marseilles. And the *grande dame* makes her appearance at the theatre in a box. Believe me, the Small-Hat League must be started by the small ladies, not by the big ones.

Paris Fashions

The very latest thing in hats

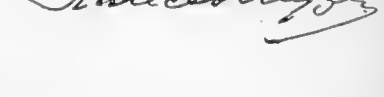
The Truth About the Sale

As for the sale at the Comtesse Greffulhe's, it was the smartest thing I have seen, from a business point of view. We women are delightful creatures, I allow, but we are not complete. This makes our charm, I have no doubt, but it also makes us the tools of the practical, logical man. We have a brilliant idea. There shall be a meeting of *grandes dames*; we will abolish the large hat and construct—with our own delicate fingers—the "*rien*" that shall replace it; and the public, curious and snobbish as all publics, will come and buy; our charity fund will profit, and our idea will take wings and fly over the face of the Metropolis. But what did occur? The men-milliners took the reins and stocked the show table in the centre of the room with their special "creations"; they left their shops in the Rue de la Paix, and stationed themselves at the side tables to attend to the business of the day. "We will sell our hats," said they, "and give you thirty shillings for your charity." The offer was accepted, and one milliner I talked with rubbed his hands and told me gleefully he had sold £100 of hats in an hour, and all for *cash*. Good business! Not generally the custom of the *grande dame* to pay cash, save when the beseeching voice of "charity" calls. And the hats made by the duchesses and countesses. What became of them? "Made" makes me smile. "Bought" is the word.

* * *

The Story of a "Salon" Picture

M. X., the well-known painter at the Société Nationale, has missed his vocation. He would have made a better business-man than an artist. He does not work for glory; he must sell. But how? One morning he awakes with the solution of the problem Within the hour he is knocking at M. P.'s door in the Rue de la Paix. "*Mon cher*," he says. "Listen to me. I will paint your *salons* with pretty women in dainty dresses in the foreground; you shall have your portrait—and your clement man's—at the back; I will exhibit the painting at the *Salon*; it shall hang on the line; it will be before the public for two months, and your name shall figure in the catalogue. All this for £400." M. P. hesitates. He knows the value of M. X.'s painting. £400! A good sum. "Let me see," says M. P. "Two months' advertisement at £200 a month. Done!" And the painter and the dress-maker shake hands.



The Spanish Royal Honeymoon

King Alfonso's summer palace

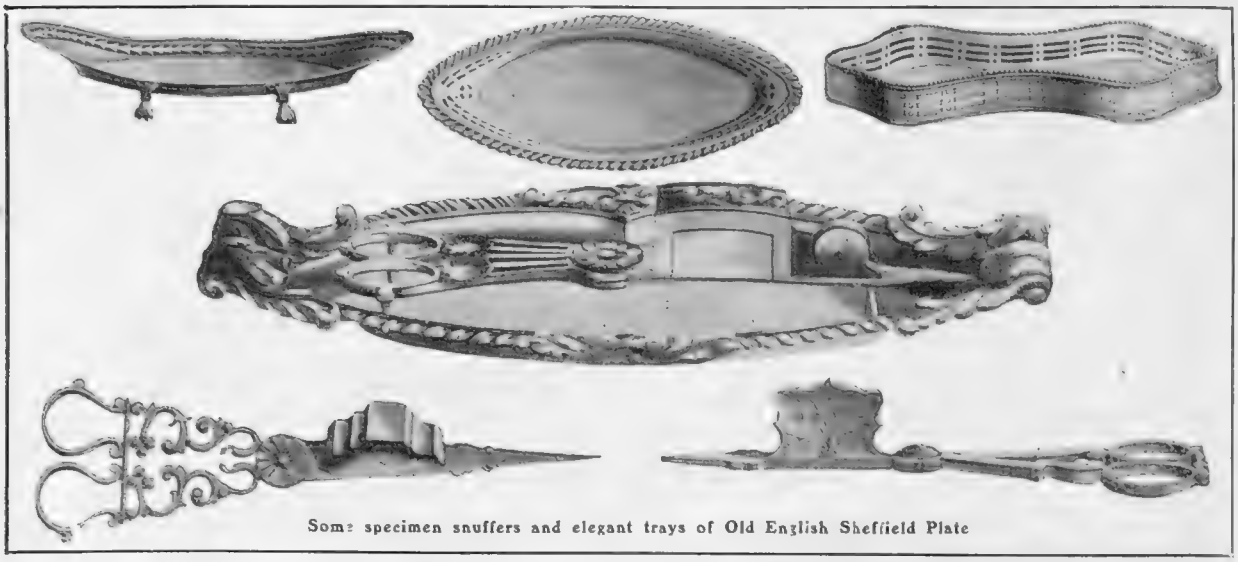
The Palace of La Granja, where it is expected the honeymoon will be spent The house is airy, cheerful, and well furnished, but without magnificence. There are, however, many statues and antiquities

The fountains in the gardens of La Granja

The gardens of the summer palace are the finest in Spain, and considered—by Spaniards—to be superior to Versailles. There are twenty-six fountains (one of which reaches 130 feet in height), and a superb cascade. When the fountains were completed, King Philip V. said, "It has cost me three millions, but for three minutes I have been amused!"

The Connoisseur

VALUES OF SILVER AND SHEFFIELD PLATE



Some specimen snuffers and elegant trays of Old English Sheffield Plate

Although to the world at large old silver and Sheffield plate appear to be analogous manufactures, governed a good deal by the same laws of design, and applied to the same uses, to the collector there are no two objects so nearly allied and yet so widely differentiated. In the first place, as regards values, the long series of auctions which have been carefully recorded show an average price for any piece of silver of any period, and show it so closely as to even a few pence per ounce. Apart from the period and the design, there is always, too, a "pot" or melting price, an intrinsic value, for silver which the finest Sheffield cannot of itself command. Although the present prices of this plate may almost be said to be regulated by caprice, still an average in regard to certain classes of price, period, and design has been arrived at by the industrious and observant. The results of such useful labours have recently been brought together by an expert in the affair, Mr. J. W. Caldicott, of Olton, edited by the author of "Old English Plate," Mr. J. Starkie Gardner, and published by Messrs. Bemrose. This large volume, "The Values of Old English Silver and Sheffield Plate," deals with records from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century with a clearness and conscientious exactitude that make it a book all connoisseurs of the subject will gladly turn to. There are some wise hints for the more or less inexperienced, and many interesting notes on such subjects as "Advice to those wishing to dispose of collections," "How to protect goods at auction sales," "What to collect," and so forth; but as a reference book, the full records of prices are, of course, the more important part. We have borrowed a few illustrations from the six or seven hundred that decorate and explain many pages of this work. The designs of the early salt-cellars might well be copied in our day, while the beautiful shapes and decoration of so utilitarian an object as the snuffer-trays of our great grand-parents should be a lesson in æsthetics to an awakening generation.

E. M.

Some old salt-cellars—steeple, standing, and bell-shaped

The Evolution of a Country Cottage

HOW THE OLD HAS BEEN MADE NEW, AND FOR HOW MUCH

"I know the very thing for you, if you can only see through the dirt."

Thus a kind friend one day to the writer, after many months of search on my part had failed utterly to bring me in sight of that much-desired haven—an ideal country cottage. It was a 300-year-old farm cottage, built of brick and timber, and insured by the Sun Fire Office in 1712, which had been rejected by five other friends.

What "Dipley" Was

We went; the dirt was there, as promised, plus rats; cheap modern papers on the walls, old beams covered up, and general dilapidation. In the garden, however, were some fine trees, and only a ditch divided us from a lovely copse. We decided to take the cottage, and secured a lease of seven or fourteen years. The old beams were uncovered, and whitewash and brown paint restored the old-world appearance of the cottage. As a result, I can claim that, out of this derelict material, I and my colleague have succeeded in evolving a residence of which anyone would be proud, and which could easily be let, were we inclined to do so, for at least £5 per week. In the inside of the house we effected a revolution, which, while preserving the old-world character of the place, brought it into touch with modern ideas. One ornamental feature of which I am particularly proud is the pergola outside the drawing-room, which is shown below. But I claim as a triumph our work on the garden. Out of a rough, untilled piece of sloping ground of 2½ acres, we effected a marvellous transformation, and a terrace, croquet lawn, brick paths, brick and timber seats, a well-stocked flower and vegetable garden, now take the place of what was once a wilderness.

A brick walk in the garden at "Dipley," Winchfield

The above was built mostly out of old bricks and tiles found while digging up the garden of "Dipley," an old Hampshire farmhouse, which is now transformed into an "ideal" country cottage

Cost of the Work

The work on the house took about 3½ months, and cost roughly £450, while for £50 we made our garden—altogether, £500. Our rent is £32 a year, and we think the £500 well expended, for when, in a very few years, fickle fashion orders her followers to take to the fields in these spring months, we shall find ourselves in the van of the movement—the possessors of the ideal country cottage.

Photos] **Pergola outside drawing-room** [*F. M. Good*

One of the many improvements effected by the present owners of "Dipley"

The Evolution of a Country Cottage

Photo A STUDY IN HOUSE-

The above was, when its present tenants acquired it, a disused and derelict farm cottage, rat-haunted and begrimed to such an extent as [illegible] enlarged, and the gardens laid out on a scale [illegible]

e: "Dipley," Winchfield, As It Is

SE-RECLAMATION

F. M. Geo

make it almost uninhabitable. By expending £500 it has been converted into an ideal country residence, the interior renovated and economy with true landscape effect and floral richness

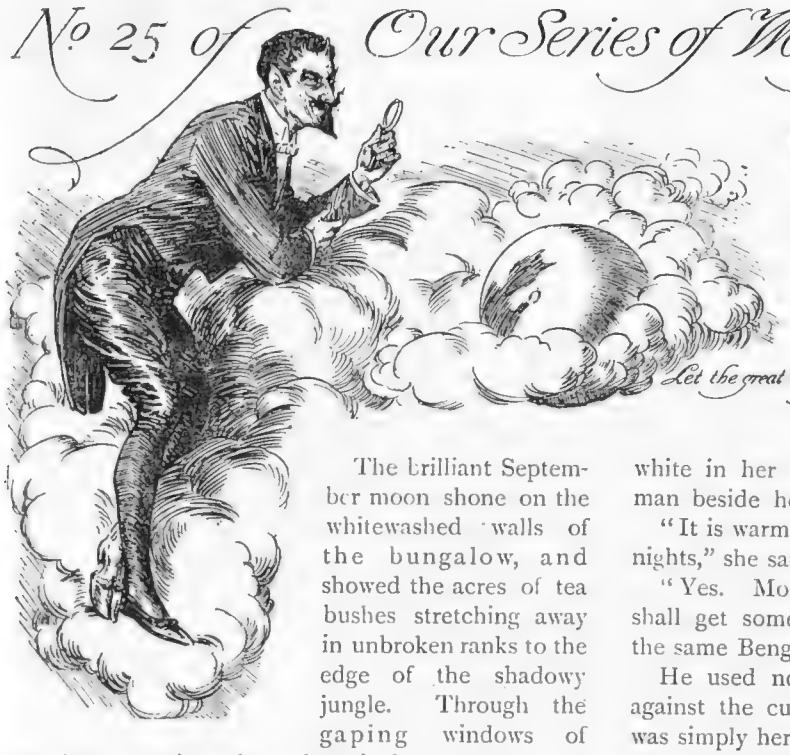
A Side View of "Dipley"

Photo *F. M. Good*

The Dutch garden and new bow-window

Which gives an excellent idea of the beauty of effect that a little trouble and a little money can secure out of unpromising material

No. 25 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



With Man—and With Woman

(An Eastern Story with a Problem)

By D. ESS MACKAY

Let the great book of the world be your principal study.—Chesterfield

The brilliant September moon shone on the whitewashed walls of the bungalow, and showed the acres of tea bushes stretching away in unbroken ranks to the edge of the shadowy jungle. Through the gaping windows of the bare-looking bungalow bedroom came the hum and chatter, in endless *crescendo*, of the huge grasshoppers and tireless crickets that hid in the trees which flanked the compound fence. Myriads of mosquitoes buzzed their shrill chorus, in many keys, on the outside of the big white net. The solitary vampire that had managed to find an entrance seemed to be singing a song of triumph over his fellows, the net, and the man it guarded.

Flat on his back upon the bed lay Gordon Marlow, the sleeves of his pyjamas turned back above his elbows, his hands under his head, gazing at the small punkah which swung jerkily above him. He had no bed-covering of any kind over him, though a folded blanket lay handy against the chill of morning, which might succeed the reeking heat of night. Another bed was drawn close alongside his, where some of the warm breeze from the punkah would reach it. On the bed reclined a woman, lying half upon her side, with her elbow on the pillow, the bare arm supporting her head, visible only to the wrist, where it lost itself in the thick black hair which fell round her shoulders. She languidly circled a bamboo fan, and the air just stirred some of the fluffy hair of a tiny yellow-skinned baby, who slept naked, with her head in the crook of the mother's brown arm. Had the woman's skin been white, instead of a dark brown, she would have been proud of her smooth flesh, but being only a coolie, she was not aware such vanities existed. She wore nothing but a white, sleeveless jacket, and a muslin "sarie" wound tightly round her hips, covered her to below her knees, but she moved her brown feet restlessly on the sheet, in the apparently increasing heat. She was pretty, in her Eastern style, and the filmy light of the moon fell on her face, and showed a flash of white in her eyes and mouth, as she talked to the man beside her.

"It is warmer to-night than it has been for many nights," she said.

"Yes. Move your fan a little closer, so that I shall get some of the wind," answered Marlow, in the same Bengali dialect in which she spoke.

He used no name when addressing her—it was against the customs of her people—and, to her, he was simply her "Sahib."

"What do the English mem-sahibs, when it is so hot? Is that why they go to 'Belait' (England) in the rainy days?"

"Yes," said he, and paused, still watching the fluttering punkah. "How curious you always are about the mem-sahibs. Would you like to be one?"

"Yes," answered she.

"Why?" asked Marlow languidly.

"Because then you would never let me go," and the woman laughed.

"'Let you go,' 'let you go,' always afraid I will 'let you go,'" said Marlow, mockingly. "There are many years left yet before I go to 'Belait,' and you know I won't 'let you go' till then."

"How many?" eagerly.

"Oh! Three or four."

"Ah!" murmured the woman of nineteen "rains," as if quite satisfied. What did she, who seldom counted days, know of years?

She let her head slide down to her pillow, beside the chubby baby with the auburn hair; and the fan stopped circling, and fell to the floor with a little clatter.

For another couple of hours the heat kept sleep away from Marlow, and all that time he thought of Norah Conway, the girl who had waited in England for four and a half years, and waited still, until he was in a position to be able to bring her out to Assam and marry her. And as sleep crept on him as he perspired under the big white net, the last thing of which he was conscious was the soft breathing of the brown woman sleeping beside him, and a light breath between each one of hers.

. . . . .

"Are *you* looking forward to having another lady in the district, 'Coddie,' my boy?"

"Not particularly. But there you are—where

Another "Worldly" story next week

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

there are men, there'll be women, and no hiding from them, even in Assam!" grunted the 6 feet 1 inch of sunburn and white clothes, one of two planters lolling in long chairs on a bungalow verandah, who both sipped "pegs," and gazed away through the trellis of passion-flowers, where the big beetles hummed in the sun glare, to—to who but themselves knew where? Had they not finished reading their letters, in by the home mail but a few minutes before?

"Anyway, Marlow's bungalow is three miles from here, so she won't trouble you *much*, 'Coddie,'" said the man who had spoken first.

"No, Billie; but I guess you'll be hunting the Marlow bungalow when a piano arrives, and there's someone to play accompaniments to your sloppy songs!"

"Ra-ther—if she turns out a good sort."

"By the way, Billie, what's Marlow doing with his dusky Calypso?" inquired "Coddie."

"Oh! same as everyone else does; a few hundred rupees, and a bit of land out in some jungle village, and the kiddie away to some home, at twenty rupees per month, as soon as she's old enough—and all parties concerned quite satisfied," finished Billie, in a sing-song voice.

"You think so, do you? Well, *I'd* like to know what Miss Norah what-do-you-call-her? being 'a party concerned,' would say about the matter if *she* knew?" said the long man emphatically.

"Oh! rot, 'Coddie.' Your ideas are as old-fashioned as your moth-eaten dress-coat. You ought to be ashamed to ever trot either of them out!"

. . . . .

Marlow was married in the little Station Church fifty miles away to the girl whose constancy had withstood the grand test—the test of time—and brought his bride up to his bungalow.

From the time Norah had landed in India, a perpetual look of wonder had been in her eyes, and an endless catechism on all that was so strange had been in her mouth. Arrived in Marlow's bungalow, she set to work to explain things for herself. She led a pleasant, if somewhat isolated, life, and had every opportunity to learn the native language, and all that it is possible to know about the native customs, and the very little that is to be fathomed in the native mind. The natives—the natives with their great ignorance, their unshakable superstition, their intense ingratitude—all these failings she passed over, in order to find all in them that was good, for she wanted to like and understand them. They, in their way, liked her, and, *en passant*, her backsheesh! She spoke to the little naked brown youngsters, riding astride their mothers' hips, and the women answered for them, with smiling faces, when the children were too scared to reply.

Norah and Marlow were out for a ride in the cool of the morning, and had cantered some distance down a jungle road. At a turn in the path, before he could pull up, or restrain his companion, they rode right up to a coolie funeral party. The corpse lay shrouded in white, the head and feet painfully distinct through the covering. It was lying upon a native bed, which was slung on a bamboo pole, and carried on the shoulders of two old men, who each had a long stick in his hand to assist himself in walking with his swaying load. Behind followed ten or a dozen mourners; men and women walking in single file. On the hip of the foremost woman rode a strangely light-skinned and pretty child, whose hair was a dark auburn. She wore a little pink calico frock, which fell from her shoulders to her bare yellow feet, the whole effect challenging attention from the peculiarly European appearance of the dress.

Marlow, with his face gone suddenly white, rode past on the side of the road. His wife drew up her pony, and sat, with pity in her eyes, till the little procession had passed, the people looking curiously at the mem-sahib on her pony. Then she cantered after her husband.

"Poor thing!" said she, when she overtook him; "and what a very pretty child, Gordon!"

"Poor thing!" said Marlow; and then again, but in a lower voice, "Poor thing!" (And a small voice whispered within him, "What luck!")

It was the last he ever saw of the brown girl, who had died of pneumonia, in her little house in the jungle, before she had enjoyed her rupees and her "bit of land" for six short months.

"I met that little light-skinned girl down the jungle road to-day," said Norah, a fortnight later.

"What light-skinned girl?" asked Marlow, raging in his mind that his orders to the effect that the child was never to leave the house in the jungle, where he had placed it in a woman's charge, until it was old enough to be sent away.

"The baby we saw being carried at that poor woman's funeral we met some weeks ago," explained Norah.

"Oh! Yes?" said Marlow, inquiringly, anxious to hear more, but afraid to be eager with his questions.

But Norah said no more.

For days Marlow worried and fretted himself in the dread that Norah knew more than she had told him. He watched her every movement, and the expressions of her face, to see if he could mark any change in her behaviour towards him. But his wife was as ever; perhaps, as he once or twice thought to himself, a little more tender than usual towards him. Norah was always affectionate though, and he thought he must have imagined the slight change.

Everything went on as usual. Norah drove miles out, to any neighbouring bungalow where a married couple were to be found, and rapidly extended her circle of acquaintances.

But the dread of the discovery of his secret was always with Marlow, and he became a coward. He longed to confess, but the fear of being unforgiven made him tongue-tied.

. . . . .

Norah had been in Assam nearly a year. It was a hot night during the rains, and the mosquitoes were again buzzing outside the net, but this time the net was bigger, and the two beds round which it hung were shiny with brass and newness, and the large punkah swung overhead. Marlow was lying on one, Norah on the other, looking down at him, and to the man, her attitude was horribly reminiscent.

"Norah," said he, his voice coming with a rush, as if after a struggle, "you take a tremendous interest in that little yellow-skinned child from the house in the jungle."

(Continued on page 444)

The Usual Gibson Girl

Photo *Bassano*

MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD

Who, even now, though Dana Gibson himself no longer draws "Gibson" girls, is still representing the stage version of that *genus* in *The Belle of Mayfair*

(Continued from page 442)

"Yes," answered Norah, "she is so sweetly pretty and winning."

"I suppose she is," murmured Marlow, and then his courage seemed to leave him; but he went on: "Why is it?—I mean, it's strange you are such friends."

"Oh, no!" said the girl, "she is such a dear little thing, and I believe really fond of me."

Marlow forced himself to go on, though the perspiration on his forehead was not all due to the clammy heat.

"Norah, dear—I want to tell you something."

She looked at him wonderingly.

"Well, go on," said she.

"It's—it's rather difficult——"

She saw his drawn face, and seemed as if she would stop him now.

"Norah, in the four and a half years I was out here alone, I—I became—that is, I did the same as all the other men in this country do; I——Norah, forgive me!" He stretched out an arm towards her, but she seemed strangely unmoved. "There was a black woman"—the words came in hurried jerks—"and that—that little yellow child—is—is my daughter."

Norah was watching his haggard face.

"Gordon," she said, in a low voice, "I know, dear, I know. That funeral we passed when I first saw the baby—it was the child's mother."

She put her hand over on his, and leant towards him.

"Do you think you could keep it from me, darling?" and she smiled. "And don't you think that every woman who marries a man out here knows *all* that he has done? Of course she does! And being women, we all do this——" And she leant over and kissed him—the kiss of forgiveness.

. . . . .

A Year Later

"What an ass he is, to be sure, 'Coddie'!"

"*You* were the ass, Billie!"

"No, no. It was nothing, absolutely nothing. I swore to Marlow it was nothing. To you, who have been my best friend for years, I need only say that the whole thing is a lie. What is a woman to do in this lonely country? She played my accompaniments, then—when the cold weather came—a few dances, a few pleasant chats—flirtations, if you like—but, oh! how trivial."

"You're right," said "Coddie," from his long chair.

"And look!" went on the other excitedly. "Marlow—stern, taciturn, a new man. And poor Mrs. Marlow—the best of 'good sorts'—sent home to England, and breaking her heart. And Marlow, mind you, is a man who'll *never* forgive her."

"He will not, or you either," grunted "Coddie" emphatically, and nodded his head.

And Marlow never did.

Thus is it with a man, and thus is it with a woman—the difference!

D. Ess Mackay.

An "Earthquake" postcard from 'Frisco

The photograph above is a piece of a gentleman's shirt-cuff sent home from San Francisco during the recent disastrous earthquake. The sender, being unable to obtain note-paper, cut a piece of one of his cuffs off and posted it. It was received by post at Worthing a few days ago by a lady, and bore the simple message, "All safe" on it. It was posted just after the earthquake occurred

Deux Belles Chauffeuses

Miss Dorothy Levitt

One of the pioneers among lady motor-drivers, on a 20 h.-p. Napier car

Miss Victoria Godwin

On the 40 h.-p. Ariel car. She will drive in the Scottish Motor Trials on June 13-16

NARCISSA

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DISCRETION OF A DUCHESS"

She had been fancifully christened "Narcissa," and she grew to her name with singular appropriateness. For not only was she singularly beautiful, with the kind of beauty that is never disputed by man, woman, or child, but she had the same undisguised admiration for her own beauty that characterised her male namesake. We will hope—at least I hope with all my heart, for I love her dearly—that the same fate will not overtake her that was, I think, unjustly meted out to the unfortunate Narcissus. Well, we are constantly in the habit of discussing Beauty together, both in the abstract and concrete instances thereof. We would chaff her often on her inability to admire other beautiful women when they happened to be mentioned.

"Now whom do you admire?" she was asked one day on having vehemently affirmed that she always admired true beauty, and that no one, *no one* (with great emphasis) was more generously alive to other people's perfection than she was, but that when she talked of beauty she *meant* beauty, and not a faked-up imitation.

"It's no use always taking oneself as a standard," suggested someone, with a malicious twinkle, "because, in the first place, none of us ever know the appearance we present to other people, which is often quite different to the effect we produce on ourselves; and secondly——"

"I know perfectly well what I look like," interrupted Narcissa, fitting the cap with unnecessary crudity on to her own head.

"Well, tell us whom else you *do* admire?" we chorused.

She ignored the "else," and answered loftily:

"Oh, hundreds and hundreds"

"Well, name a few of them."

There was no rush of names, merely a somewhat contemptuous silence.

At last someone ventured:

"Well, there's Lady Fourstars, for instance, you admit she's beautiful."

"Certainly not! coarse and common to a degree," was the quick return.

"Well, you admire the Duchess of Dash, don't you?"

"No, and no more would you if she didn't happen to be a duchess," she answered, not quite civilly we thought, although her engaging and brilliant smile disarmed anyone inclined to take offence.

"Well, Mrs. Blank-Blank?"

"Good Heavens! does anyone?"

"Come, now, Lady Troisétoiles, you can't deny *her* good looks."

"I didn't even know she was *meant* to be good-looking, poor dear."

"Oh, well, it amounts to this, the only person you find admirable is Narcissa Neversay."

"*Now* you are becoming offensive," was the remark that closed the discussion.

"But look here," she said, turning to me with enthusiasm shining in her eyes, "I'll tell you what I'll do. The very next time we go out together I will point out to you, no matter who or what they are, every single woman I admire, and you will see that probably *you* will run them all down and be quite unable to appreciate true beauty, just because you have not seen or heard them advertised as beauties. I maintain that no one appreciates true beauty more than I do, but I am not going to be bullied into admiring newspaper beauties from a cowardly fear of being considered jealous."

"Very well," I answered consolingly, for she was rather ruffled. "You shall tell me each time you see someone you admire, and I will count them up and record it in your favour the very next time I hear anyone say you can't admire other women."

So it was agreed.

The next time we went out together I had, to tell the truth, quite forgotten, or at least I had not been thinking of our former "compact." And it so happened that we went to Liberty's. We were leaving the shop after having been upstairs looking at some curtains, and as we were emerging through one doorway, not very brilliantly lit, which led from another doorway exactly opposite to the staircase, I felt my arm violently clutched.

"*There*," she whispered excitedly, "*that's* what I call a beautiful woman, *perfectly* beautiful," she continued to whisper vehemently, with unmistakably genuine enthusiasm. "Let us wait till she goes down, then follow her and have a *good* look."

But the fair unknown had stopped too, and was also seen to be violently clutching her companion's arm. After a pause of about three seconds we advanced slowly. As we drew near to the opposite doorway the face I saw reflected in the looking-glass that confronted us was dyed a rosy red from chin to forehead.

"I didn't know, I really didn't know," murmured Narcissa brokenly, her whole aspect betraying heavy contrite shame.

"No need to tell me that, my dear," I chuckled gleefully.

She turned a distressed, anxious face to me, and eagerly seized both my hands. "Swear you won't tell," she entreated earnestly. "*Swear* you won't. If you do, I'll never, never forgive you. *Do* swear you won't."

"All right, I won't tell," I assured her.

And I never have, of course—until now.

The Oxford Eights

SCENE ON THE RIVER AND TOW-PATH AFTER A BIG RACE

THE LIBRARY

Books to order this Week.

Miscellaneous

"Walter Pater." By A. C. Benson. (Macmillan: 2s.)
"Trinity College, Cambridge." By W. W. Rouse Ball. (J. M. Dent and Co.: 1s. 6d.)
"The Land of Pardons." By A. le Braz. (Methuen: 7s. 6d. net.)

Fiction

"The House of Cobwebs." By the late George Gissing. (Constable: 6s.)
"The Master of Pinsmead." By Algernon Gissing. (John Long: 6s.)
"A Discrepant World." (Longmans: 6.)

A Reminder of Æstheticism

There is a reminiscent interest about the life of Walter Pater, by Mr. A. C. Benson, just published by Macmillan. It reminds us that there was once an æsthetic movement, and that Pater—as his name aptly enough suggests—was a sort of heavy literary father to it. Pater, from the severe and solid precincts of Brasenose, Oxford, used, at careful intervals, to send forth to the world essays on art and letters, which gave a kind of paternal approval to a school of writers, poets, and artists who were not over-blessed with academic favour. Pater brought to the aid of æstheticism a peerless literary style, and was accordingly worshipped, and, as he himself led a blameless life of severe simplicity, mostly at Oxford, though latterly at Kensington, there were few who dared point at him the same finger of scorn that was so freely pointed at the other exponents of the cult.

Mr. Harold Spender

Whose political novel, *The Arena*, recently discussed in THE BYSTANDER, is enjoying a wide publicity. Mr. Spender is a member of the talented family which has, from its start, been so creditably associated with political journalism in the *Westminster Gazette*

A Literary Ornament

Pater, of course, was wrong, like the rest of them. Contending, as he did always, that the object of prose was first to satisfy the artistic sense of the reader, and only indirectly to gratify any craving for essential truth that might be his, he must always be ranked as one of the decadents. However splendid his prose, and rich the imagery of his word-painting, that fatal pose must rank him among the ornaments rather than the utilities of literature. To him and his co-æsthetes that were, of course, the highest praise: to the more practical generation in which we are now pleased to live, it is the lowest. The book is in itself a pleasant, instructive picture of the life of a man of distinctive talent, though somewhat unpronounced personality, and it is good to have it as a reminder of the deceased æsthetic movement. Of these, there are few, and the most forcible of them still living is one of the "Philistine" enemy, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who poked such destructive fun at it in *Patience*. I am glad, by the way, to be able to call in photographic proof of the fact that Mr. Gilbert is in the enjoyment of the best of health, in the shape of the picture of him on the next page playing croquet in his garden at Harrow Weald.

Grub Street Again

From æstheticism to "Grub Street"—the jump seems a long one, but the library table accommodates strange next-door neighbours. "Grub Street" comes to me through the medium of a "post-mortem" volume of George Gissing — *The House of Cobwebs* (Constable). These are characteristic Gissing stories—that is to say, they are delightfully literary, but, always, a little pallid so far as any moral purpose is in question. Here we have the same struggling young man depicted, in the same lodgings, engaged in the old, old search for literary or other advancement, the theme which the author made so peculiarly his own. However, I cannot help ranking Grub Street with æstheticism—visitants, both of them, from a Victorian ghost-land. Grub Street, like the "greenery yallery" cult, has gone—in the guise that the Victorians knew it. It is a little difficult nowadays to feel sympathy with the Gissing young man and his futile struggles. It is just a question whether literature any longer lives in Grub Street. The age, as I suggested before, is a practical one, and men anxious for literary distinction have grown to take a wonderfully sane and wholesome view of the way to gain it. Simple living, temperance, early hours, and, in many cases, residence among trees and green fields, are nowadays the attributes of the writer, who eschews Grub Street and its meannesses with the same ardour as his predecessor courted them. Nevertheless, to appreciate the change of spirit, a course of Gissing is to be recommended, and *A House of Cobwebs* is certainly a book to be read, and especially the very able introductory survey of the life and aims of the author by Mr. Thomas Seccombe.

From George to Algernon

The transition from one Gissing to another, *i.e.*, from George to Algernon of that ilk, is an interesting one, and we are enabled to make it by the appearance simultaneously with "A House of Cobwebs" of *The Master of Pinsmead* (John Long), by the latter. Mr. Algernon Gissing's stories have no suggestion of Grub Street. They are rural, one and all, treating in a clever, subtle fashion

with peasants and their sayings and doings. Despite the artistic value of each story, however, I cannot help feeling some slight weariness when endeavouring to devour at one effort a collection of rural stories of the same character, however pleasing each one might have been, read singly, in a periodical. It may seem an old-fashioned suggestion, but it appears to me that writers of rural short stories might well emulate the homely example of Mrs. Henry Wood in the "Johnny Ludlow" books, relating each story as an incident in the life, observation, or experience, of some individual who should be himself or herself the narrator. To change, in each story, the *locale*, and the dialect, does not impart any special variety to the stories, but it does impose on the reader's patience if he is, in one book, asked a score of times to begin again, to know new localities, new forms of speech and new characters, and then, the knowledge gained, only to find it useless when the one brief chapter has been read.

"An Essay in Fiction"

"An essay in fiction" is the modest description of a modest-looking little volume published by Longmans (6*s*.), and enjoying the quaint and rather fascinating title of *A Discrepant World*. The "world" in which the author, who is anonymous, finds "discrepant" is a small Ayrshire town, and the discordant elements consist of various worthy townsfolk. We can follow the disputes between the municipal worthies of Gaythorn over the chances of a railway passing their town; the rivalry between the young local gentlemen over their loves; the financial troubles of a dour lawyer-trustee; and the gentry who cross each other in commerce, in politics, and in love. *A Discrepant World* has no very specific plot. It has an atmosphere which is characteristically Scottish, and yet at the same time intelligible to the average Saxon. The author of this little novel is free from the conceits of the kailyard school, though possessing just enough of its pawky humour. We feel that the people who populate the "Discrepant World" are real people, who are evidently the creation of an author with an outlook on life as sound as it is amiable.

The Expensive in Journalism

Our respectful homage is due to two new illustrated periodicals, *The Crown* and *The Throne*, which certainly strike out a new path in journalism, inasmuch as the price of the former is one shilling and the latter half-a-crown. Doubtless there is a vast public who have wearied of the cheapness of modern periodicals, and thirst for something expensive, and we, from the lowliness of the mere sixpenny state, hope, in a humble sort of way, that our high-priced contemporaries will find the public they seek. However, a word of warning! Should there prove to be a large and voracious public for expensive journals, the day will surely come when some enterprising person will outvie them both with a five-shilling weekly; or, it may be, that no nobleman's home will be complete without *The Sovereign*, price £1, daily; and is it not also conceivable that our favourite sporting and racing weekly will be known as *The Thick 'Un*, and priced accordingly.?

VIVIAN CARTER.

Reminders of the Æsthetic Cult: Mr. W. S. Gilbert playing croquet in his garden at Harrow Weald

The author of *Patience* enjoying a game which calls for a large display of that virtue. He is now seventy, and his playlet, "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern," was done last week at the Elizabethan Fête

Salmon Fishing on the Usk

A Stream Stocked with Restrictions

For many years the average number of salmon killed annually by the rods on the Usk was roughly about fifteen hundred, but some seasons have yielded over two thousand fish, and one or two twice as many. Considering the length of the river—little over seventy miles—and the fact that it is not the private preserve of some great landowner, but for over fifty years has been managed by an association of anglers, the Usk may fairly claim to be one of the most famous of salmon rivers, the fish averaging from 8 to 12 lbs. In the great year 1891, when nearly five thousand salmon were killed by anglers, the average was about 10 lbs., and, of course, many are caught more than double that weight.

The Usk is not only famous for its salmon, but also for having the longest and most bewildering rules and regulations of any rod fishery in the world. Many an angler on receiving them from the courteous Hon. Sec. has gone off to Scotland by the first train to fish on waters not hedged in with regulations or bristling with restrictions. When the fishing was at its prime it was supposed that this classification, division, and rule of thirty-three, was a cunning device to keep outsiders out. Now that the prospects are not so bright, and it has even been found necessary to advertise for anglers to come and take tickets in class A, or B, or C, perhaps some less complicated system may be possible.

Photo **Salmon fishing on the Usk** [*H. Dunning*

Mr. Robert Rickards, J.P., of the "Priory," Usk, with a fine 30-pounder just landed. The number of salmon yearly caught on this river varies from 1,500 to 2,000, and as the average size of fish is from 8 to 12 lbs., the above is a remarkable capture

The Angler's Time-Table

Except by special order of the committee, no angling is allowed before 8 a.m. In the event of two or more salmon-anglers being at a Catch at 8 a.m., they draw lots for the first turn, unless one of them had the first fishing of that Catch on the previous fishing day, in which case he gives way. No angling is allowed after 9 p.m., except during June and July, when the hour is 10 p.m.

The river is divided into different Catches, and the keepers are provided with cards on which the name of each Catch is printed. No angler may occupy a Catch while another is waiting to fish for more than half an hour; the time spent in playing a fish is not counted. Anglers have to take precedence in the order of their arrival, and may fish after one another at not less than twenty-five yards distance without giving previous notice, when the man in front may only fish the Catch again by commencing behind all those who were following him. In the event of a fish being hooked, all other rods must give way. But in spite of having to mind your P's and Q's, and in spite of all these regulations—largely, of course, in consequence of them — when the pools are well stocked and the water in order, Usk salmon angling takes a lot of beating.

The Art of Usk Fishing

The river flows through lovely scenery, and the angling is all done by wading. The art of angling has nothing more fascinating to offer than fly-fishing for salmon in a river like this, which is not too large nor too deep for wading and casting the fly, and in which the water falls gradually in a series of streams and pools. To wade in at the head of a good pool, gradually getting out line, to feel the salmon rod bend down to your hands as the line is lifted and sent back and forward as you cover the cast, to see the fly fall lightly just where you aimed it, to follow the lowered rod pointing always where you know the fly is, to follow it as the current brings it round over the spot where you expect a fish to come at it, and then to feel that electrifying pull — no one who has not experienced it can understand the delight of this manœuvring for a salmon! And then the scream of the reel as the fish, after a moment or two of hesitation and wonder at the restraint, dashes away down stream with wild leaps, and you have to follow as best you can.

R. B. Marston.

Great Northern Railway's Whitsuntide Programme

This Company's excursion arrangements afford opportunities for all classes of holiday-makers, and cover every description of holiday resort, from the sweeping sands and safe bathing and boating districts of the Norfolk and Lincolnshire Coasts, and the fashionable inland watering-places of Woodhall Spa, Harrogate, etc., to the beautiful stretch of Yorkshire Coastline, where is situated Scarborough, the Queen of the North, whilst in close proximity to the majority of these places, there are fine golf links.

On Friday, June 1, excursions for four, eight, and seventeen days are being run to all parts of Scotland, and for three, six, or eight days to the majority of stations in the Norfolk, Lincolnshire, and Yorkshire districts, along the whole East Coast of England, and throughout the Midlands to Lancashire, and the Isle of Man.

Programmes giving full particulars can be obtained on application at any of the Company's offices or stations, or from the Chief Passenger Agent, King's Cross Station, London, N.

Salmon Fishing on the Usk

Photo *H. Dunning*

Gaffing a salmon in Forge Stream on the Usk

The fishing season on the Usk is now beginning, and some fine catches have already been made. The river flows through lovely scenery, and the angling is all done by wading, as seen above, the water not being too deep for the purpose

Polo Club Topics

The Passing of Pigeon-Shooting

The cold, gloomy weather experienced in May has not made the opening weeks of the polo season particularly gay, for watching polo in the absence of the sun is, it must be admitted, anything but a cheerful occupation. The Hurlingham Annual General Meeting, held, as usual, on the third Saturday in May, drew a good muster of members of the senior club. The principal business transacted at the meeting, which was held in the interval between luncheon and polo, was the requisite formal change in the rules which finally swept away pigeon-shooting, originally the principal *raison d'être* of the club. But, as polo rapidly grew in popularity, so did pigeon-shooting decline in favour, and few will be found to mourn its complete elimination from the club programme.

Hurlingham's Official Umpire

A wise move of the Hurlingham Committee has been the appointment of an official umpire. The necessity of such an official has been foreshadowed for a long time. Umpiring at polo is a somewhat thankless, and by no means easy task, calling for quick decision and great firmness and tact, while, of course, a perfect knowledge of the rules is absolutely essential. This latter qualification is, alas, not always possessed by the chance polo player who obliges on occasion. To hear an umpire call, in the course of the game, for a book of the rules to refresh his memory, may be evidence of a conscientious desire to do his duty, but does not tend to inspire confidence in his capacity, or unqualified submission to his decisions. The choice of Major MacLaren to fill the newly created post at Hurlingham was a very happy one. Major MacLaren, who, it will be remembered, was badly wounded outside Mafeking, was one of the best backs in the Army, and will long be remembered as the captain of the 13th Hussars polo team, who worked their way into the final of several Inter-Regimental Tournaments, and won the Soldiers' Championship at Hurlingham in 1892, 1894, and 1895. As the governing body have tackled the important umpiring question, could they not go a step further, and institute a list of approved and properly qualified umpires, any two of whom could be invited to umpire in the leading tournaments and matches at the various clubs?

Hunt Tournaments at Ranelagh

Nearly all polo players hunt, and the game is so particularly the hunting man's summer pastime that one would expect Hunt Tournaments to attract record entries. For some reason or another this is not, however, the case. Fortune has been singularly unkind to the Hunt Cup Tournament at Ranelagh of late, and from the experience of the past few seasons the competition seems to be foredoomed to failure. With an entry of seven teams, the prospects of what is the first open tournament of the season seemed a little brighter this year, and conjured up hopes that the cloud of ill-luck which hung over it was at last going to lift. But these hopes were vain, for, as usual, disappointment followed disappointment. First, Lord Shrewsbury's Cheshire Hunt team—which was to have included his son and heir, Lord Ingestre, of the Blues—scratched. Then the Westmeath team, arranged by F. A. Gill, had to retire, as Harry Whitworth, the Master, could not get over to play, and there was no one else available to reinforce F. A. Gill, Lord Longford (the second in command of the "Second Life" and a sometime Master of the Hunt), and W. L. Naper (who is a subaltern in the Blues). The V.W.H. representatives, who were the successful Cirencester County Cup team of 1904, strengthened by Captain Jenner, were next obliged to withdraw, Aubrey Hastings, of Grand National fame, being down with influenza. Prior to the final there had, consequently, been only a couple of matches. The Essex Union, who gained the holdership of the Cup last year by beating a Bicester team in the only game necessitated, were without the services this season of Captain Godfrey Heseltine, who is now with the Carabineers in India, and succumbed to the Warwickshire by 5 goals to 4. The latter Hunt subsequently beat the De Las Casas, four sporting brothers of Spanish origin, representing the Tiverton Hunt.

The Warwickshire's Fifth Win

Warwickshire and Pytchley in the final called up recollections of the palmy days of the tournament, but these were rudely dispelled, for, to cap the tale of woe, Frank Bellville, of the Pytchley team, was laid low with influenza at the eleventh hour, and so the other Pytchley representatives, who were the Comte de Madre, Captain R. S. Chaplin (late 10th Hussars), and Captain C. C. de Crespigny, of the 2nd Life Guards, had to scratch. Last year the Warwickshire were conspicuous absentees; this time their team was made up of Frank Barbour, Harry Rich, and two good soldier players, viz., M. L. Lakin, of the 11th Hussars, and Major A. M. Pirie, of the 21st Lancers. The Cup, which had previously been in the keeping of the Master of the Warwickshire from 1902 to 1904 inclusive, has thus returned to him. At the end of the season there is another Hunt Tournament at Ranelagh. This is for teams with only one Recent Form List player, the winners of the Hunt Cup being ineligible; but like that competition it has not so far been very successful.

The Ireland International Team

The arrival of the four Irish players who are coming over to do battle for Ireland in the annual match for the International Cup, which they won in Dublin last year for the first time, is being awaited with the greatest interest. None of them, with the exception of A. Rotherham, has, I believe, played in London before. They are expected to arrive at the beginning of June, and will make their first appearance in a match at Hurlingham on Wednesday, June 6. Their great match against England is fixed for Saturday, June 16, at Hurlingham.

MARCO.

Polo at Hurlingham and Ranelagh

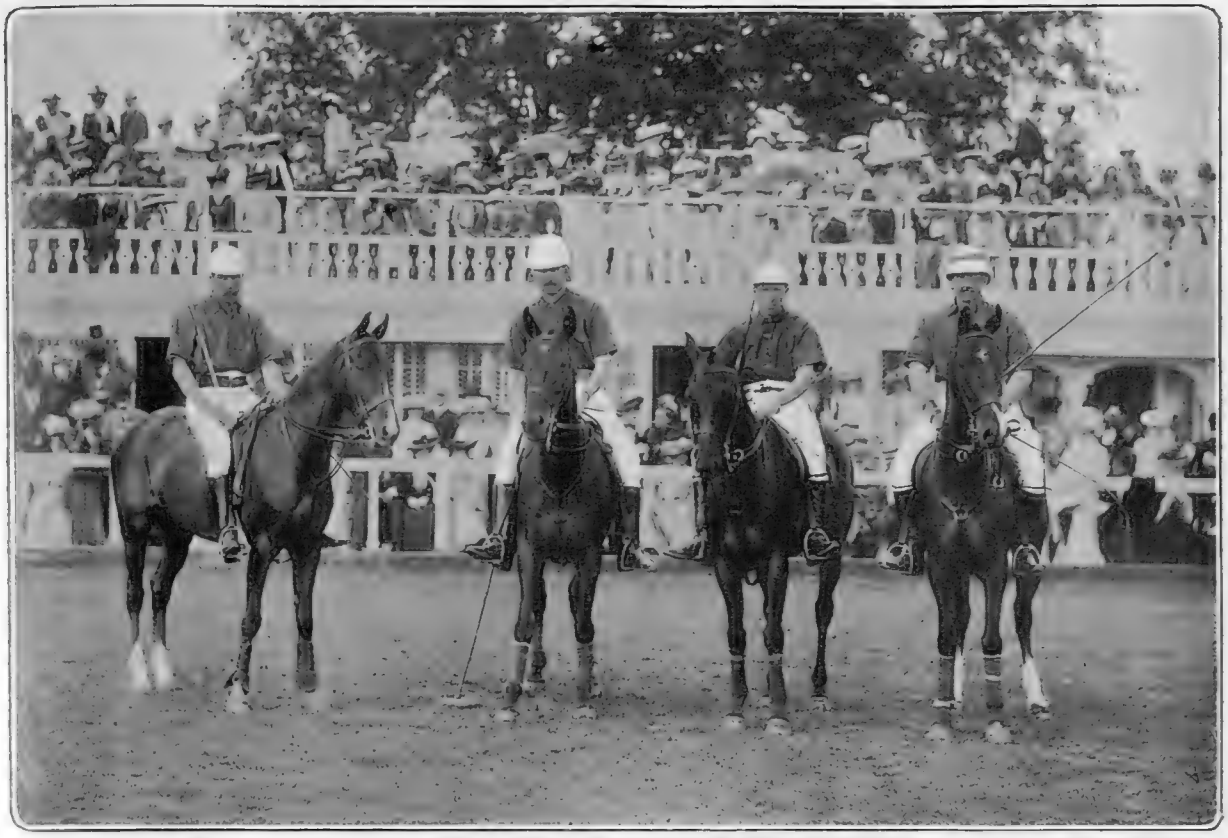


Photo *F. P. D'Arcy*

The Irish International Counties Polo Team: Holders of the International Cup, for the retention of which they will play England at Hurlingham on June 16

1. Major O'Hara. 2. P. O'Reilly. 3. S. Watt. 4. A. Rotherham

The Warwickshire Team, which won the Hunt Challenge Cup Final at Ranelagh

1. M. L. Lakin. 2. Frank Barbour. 3. H. Rich. 4. Major A. M. Pirie

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Mr. S. Mure Fergusson, New Zealand Golf Club

It is almost as difficult to say anything new about Mr. Mure Fergusson as about Mr. John Ball. Mr. Fergusson has been so long before the public eye, and is so well and favourably known throughout the kingdom of golf, that the mere mention of his name calls to mind a crowded series of noteworthy incidents and famous feats. From his earliest days he has been in the front rank of players, from the day in 1874 when, as a youth of eighteen, he taught the "old buffers" of the Royal and Ancient Club how the game should be played by winning their premier medal at the first attempt, until the present time, when he is still a formidable power in the land. He has won that same St. Andrews' medal on six occasions, besides other minor medals, and has distinguished himself on every course on which he has played.

Mr. S. Mure Fergusson

Of the New Zealand Golf Club, who is well known as a player and as an inventor

A Golf Course out of a Pine Forest

In these later days his name has been most closely connected with the New Zealand Golf Club, where he created a fine course out of a pine forest. He is a grand player to watch, his powerful, deliberate swing and beautiful finish forming a splendid example for the eager student, while his short game is magnificent in all departments. He is the patentee of the famous push-shot with the iron driving mashie, or cleek, prodigious distances being covered with no apparent effort in this way. His only enemy is the gout.

Mr. Fowler and the Amateur Championship

Mr. Herbert Fowler brought forward two proposals at the recent Spring meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club, which deserve the careful consideration of all golfers. His first proposal was to the effect that it would be advisable to alter the date of the Amateur Championship from May to August or September. Personally, I am dead against the proposed change of date. Neither August nor September is a convenient month in which to hold the Amateur Championship. All the great courses are crowded to their utmost extent by holiday golfers, and it would not only add enormously to the labours of all officials, whether in the club or on the course, if the extra strain of the Amateur Championship were thrown at such a time on their shoulders, but it would also be a considerable hardship on many deserving players not good enough to enter for the Championship, who would find their favourite course reserved for the great tournament. Apart from this, in view of the enormous number of entries, there would not be light enough in the South to get through the competition in the usual time, for the big day (Tuesday) even now requires the utmost amount of light for the vast heap of matches falling to be played on it. The second argument deals with the hardship entailed on schoolmasters, undergraduates, and others, who can rarely compete under the present conditions.

A Claim to be Considered

For the reasons given by me above, I trust that no change in date will be made, and that the Amateur Championship will continue to be played in the late Spring, a time of year which is best for the courses, for the players, and for the hard-worked officials of the clubs where the tournament takes place. With Mr. Fowler's second proposal I am in thorough sympathy. He suggested to the meeting, without success, an increase in the number of greens on which the Championships are played. At present, both Championships are played alternately on five greens, viz., St. Andrews, Muirfield, Prestwick, Hoylake, and Sandwich. There are thus only two English against three Scottish courses. By the present method of rotation, both Championships fall to be played once in twenty years on the same English course in one year. This may seem a small point, but the evils were forcibly brought home to all concerned in 1902 and 1904 at Hoylake and Sandwich respectively. It appears to me that there is strong ground for including another English course on the rota, and that the claims of Westward Ho ought seriously to be considered.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

At the Amateur Golf Championship

C. C. Lingen at the IIth tee

The Amateur Championship was played last week at Hoylake, in indifferent weather, and the final round, between C. C. Lingen and J. Robb, resulted in a victory for the latter

J. Robb, winner of the Championship, at the 4th tee

Robb, who is a member of the Prestwick St. Nicholas Club, has often played in the Amateur Championship without winning, and his victory at Hoylake, in which he beat C. C. Lingen by four up and three to play over thirty-six holes, was very popular. Robb practically won the match in the first half hour

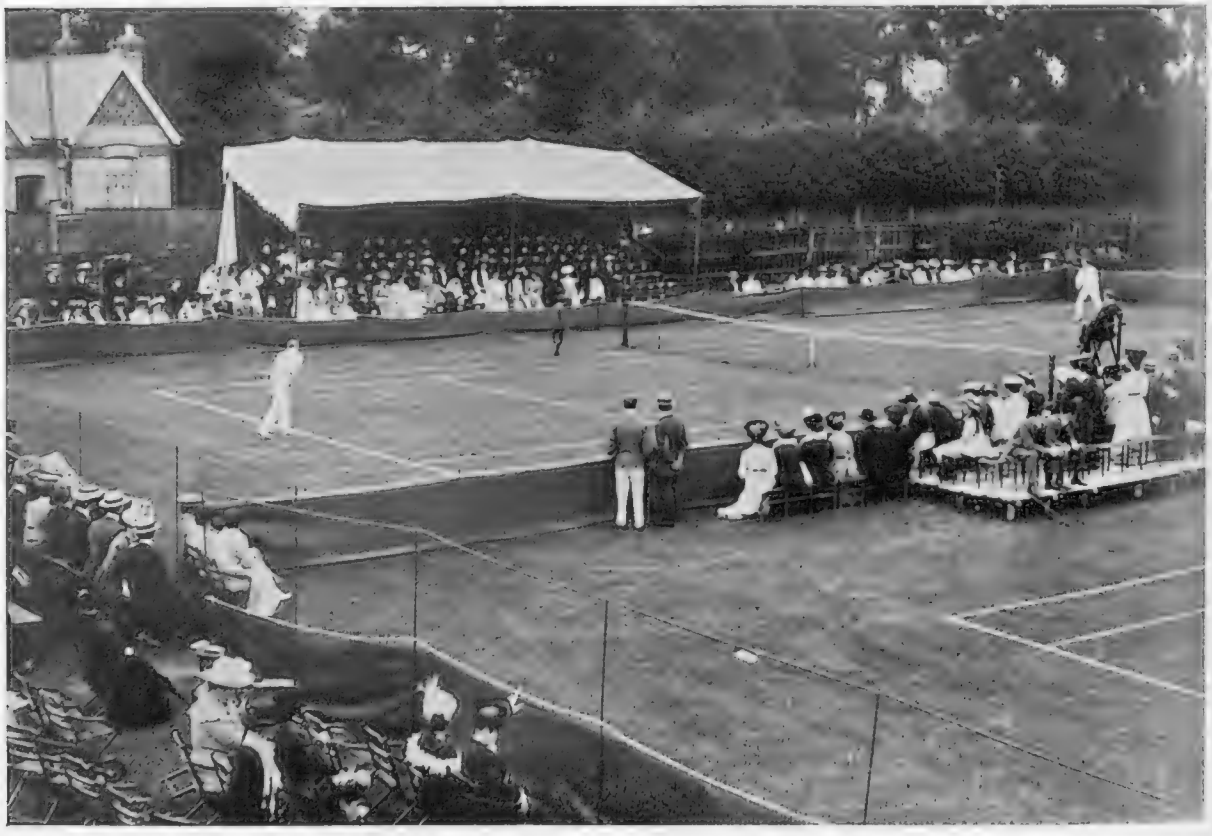
Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

Long Starts in Lawn-Tennis Handicaps

In spite of the fact that the general standard of play has improved of late years (by which I mean that there are more players of average ability than there used to be), it is an undoubted fact that the limit starts given in handicaps are getting longer and longer. Formerly, it was quite an uncommon thing, even in a one-class handicap, to find anyone in receipt of more than 30, but nowadays 30.1 and 30.2 are often given, and at the end of last season I gave 30.3 for the first time in my life. The start did not enable the recipient to win, though earlier in the season a player with 30.2 won one of my handicaps after a very tough struggle in the final with a scratch-marker. I attribute this extension of the limit partly to the prevailing style of play, which is suitable to the giving of long starts, because it aims first and foremost at safety, and partly to the fact that handicappers are getting bolder. When they *know* that a player cannot possibly win with 30, they do not hesitate to give him a chance with a sixth or two more. The start may seem a colossal one, but they know that even if the player may win he won't "romp in"—except, perhaps, under abnormal conditions, as to which more anon.

Are They Desirable?

There is, however, a good deal of divergence of opinion as to whether these very long starts should be given or not. There are plenty of people in the lawn-tennis world who contend, not without some show of reason, that if a player cannot win without more than 30 he ought not to play in handicaps at all; and they point to the risk which handicappers undoubtedly run of having their handicaps spoilt by conditions which favour the long-starters, such as bad courts, bad weather, short sets, and so on. On the other side, it is urged that the object of a handicap is to give a chance to all, and that as the tables of odds provide starts ranging from owe 40 to receive 40, there should be no objection to the full use of them. I myself am inclined to favour the latter view. I think that, in the interests of the game, the weaker brethren should be encouraged. Moreover, there are very few tournaments indeed that can afford to lose entries, and I fancy this would soon happen if we handicappers fixed our limit at 15.5 or 30, as we are often



Lawn Tennis at Surbiton: Surrey County Championship

Some excellent games were witnessed in the Open Championship Singles. In the above match, S. H. Smith easily defeated J. G. Ritchie, but the most exciting matches were those in which A. F. Wilding was playing. In the semi-final, after magnificent play, he beat F. L. Riseley, who, after the Dohertys, has, perhaps, hitherto been considered the leading player of the day

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

LONDON and NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

QUICKEST AND MOST COMFORTABLE ROUTE
BETWEEN LONDON (EUSTON)
AND
BIRMINGHAM, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, NORTH WALES, SHREWSBURY, BLACKPOOL, MORECAMBE, ENGLISH LAKES, SCOTLAND, IRELAND.

WEST COAST ROYAL MAIL ROUTE
BETWEEN
ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

		Hours.
London (Euston) and	Edinburgh	in 8
	Glasgow	in 8
	Perth	in 9¼
	Aberdeen	in 11½
	Inverness	in 13½

ROYAL MAIL AND EXPRESS ROUTES
BETWEEN
ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

Via Holyhead and Dublin (North Wall).
Via Holyhead and Kingstown.
Via Holyhead and Greenore.
Via Fleetwood and Belfast.
Via Liverpool and Belfast.
Via Carlisle, Stranraer, and Larne.

Breakfast, Luncheon, Dining, and Sleeping Cars.

The TICKET OFFICES at EUSTON, BROAD STREET, KENSINGTON, VICTORIA (Pimlico), and WILLESDEN JUNCTION, will be OPEN throughout the Day, from MONDAY, MAY 28th, to MONDAY, JUNE 4th, inclusive, so that Passengers wishing to obtain Tickets can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the Trains, and so avoid delay at the Stations.

TICKETS, dated to suit the convenience of Passengers, can also be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at the Town Receiving Offices of the Company.

FREDERICK HARRISON,
General Manager.

EUSTON STATION, LONDON,
May, 1906.

WHITSUNTIDE EXCURSIONS

FROM

KING'S CROSS

AND OTHER LONDON STATIONS

To the HOME COUNTIES, NORFOLK, LINCOLNSHIRE, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, LANCASHIRE, YORKSHIRE, NORTH EASTERN DISTRICT, and SCOTLAND.

SUITABLE FARES, DATES, AND PERIODS.

EXTENSION OF WEEK-END TICKETS.

Programmes obtainable at any Great Northern Station or Office, or from the Chief Passenger Agent, at King's Cross, N.

OLIVER BURY, General Manager.

How much Good Music do You Hear?

OF ALL the great orchestral work annually performed, how much do *you* hear? In all probability only an infinitesimal amount. Even that which you are enabled to listen to may not consist of the compositions you most care for. And when you do hear the music you take the greatest interest in, you are necessarily debarred from the pleasure of performing it yourself, and of directing its rendition.

Do you realise that orchestral music can be brought into your home, that you can choose your favourite compositions, that you can conduct, as it were, your own orchestra? That with or without musical knowledge you can play the greatest of all music whenever you care to? The Æolian Orchestrelle is the one instrument which makes it possible. To fully grasp the potentialities of this marvellous instrument, this home Orchestra, you should visit Æolian Hall. Fuller particulars are given in Catalogue **30.**

The Orchestrelle Co.

ÆOLIAN HALL,

135-6-7, New Bond Street, London, W.

told we should do. Conversely, I am no believer in the theory that the cracks should be "handicapped out of it" because they stand the best chance in the level events. I don't think they do their play much good by competing in handicaps, but that is their look out, not ours, and if they choose to play in them the "chance for everyone" theory applies equally to them. I must confess that I would rather see a handicap won almost any day by a long-starter than by a back-marker (and perhaps more still by somebody near the middle—which is another story), but all I endeavour to do in the case of the cracks is to make it pretty hard for them to win—and I think, on the whole, they like it.

The Smith(s) of Surbiton

The bad weather of Saturday spoilt, to some extent, the conclusion of an otherwise successful tournament at Surbiton, and, in the result, some of the matches played earlier in the week proved the most interesting. The ease with which Smith beat both Ritchie and Gore was remarkable, and though he always does well in Singles at Surbiton, he must be in extra good form if he can beat Gore setless. In the final he had a walk over from Wilding, who had previously beaten Riseley in a very pretty match. There were several surprises in the Ladies' Singles, Miss Boothby and Mrs. Houselander beating Miss Greene and Miss H. Lane respectively, while Miss Lowther, after beating Miss Morton quite easily, overcame Mrs. Sterry in the semi-final after a very close match, and ultimately won the event for the second time (though not in succession) after another close match with Miss Boothby, who had got the better of Mrs. Houselander. Mrs. Sterry, considering that she was out of the game all last year, played very well, and though just beaten by Miss Lowther in the Singles, was undefeated in the Ladies' Doubles with Miss Morton, and also in the Mixed Doubles with Riseley. Perhaps the greatest surprise of all was the defeat of Smith and Ritchie by McNair and Prebble in the Men's Doubles, but the two "Wanderers" are an awkward pair to tackle, and there is often a good deal of method in their wanderings. They ultimately won the event outright with the aid of a walk-over from Riseley and Wilding in the final. J. B. Ward and Miss M. Coles, who did so well together at Folkestone last year, again covered themselves with glory by beating Wilding and Miss Pinckney before succumbing to the ultimate winners in the Mixed Doubles.

East Croydon L.T.C.

I should like to remind readers that on Monday next, the 4th prox., takes place the second annual tournament of the East Croydon L.T.C., which is a most enjoyable contest to enter for. By the way, in our issue of last week the mistake was made of spelling Mrs. Hemsted's name with an "a," and I beg to correct it now.

The Oxford Eights

On another page will be found a typical scene photographed during the Eights' Week at Oxford, which finished last Wednesday. Magdalen retained the headship, and were quite the best crew on the river, though New College, who went second, were very fast for a short distance. They were followed by Christchurch and Trinity (who made four bumps), and these first four boats were appreciably better than the rest, of whom Pembroke and Corpus made five bumps each, and Worcester and Lincoln four.

Surbiton Lawn Tennis Tournament: Final of the Mixed Doubles

In which Riseley and Mrs. Sterry (on the right) beat Ritchie and Miss Greene (left) 6—1, 6—3. Owing to the rain, Wilding cancelled his much-looked-forward-to match with Smith

HEAL & SON'S

"Simple Bedroom Furniture"

A new Book of Designs showing our latest work in Simple and Inexpensive Hand-made Furniture sent Post Free on application. Over 100 illustrations with prices and particulars. Write for No. 78 Catalogue.

HEAL & SON,
Tottenham Court Rd., W.

ALTERATIONS AND DECORATIONS.

Before deciding upon any scheme of redecorating or furnishing

ASK US FOR AN ESTIMATE.

FLATS FURNISHED THROUGHOUT IN FIRST-CLASS STYLE AND WORKMANSHIP FROM £300.

Specimen can be viewed on application.

Our Prices are much below those of other leading houses, and we give a SPECIAL DISCOUNT off combined decorating and furnishing orders.

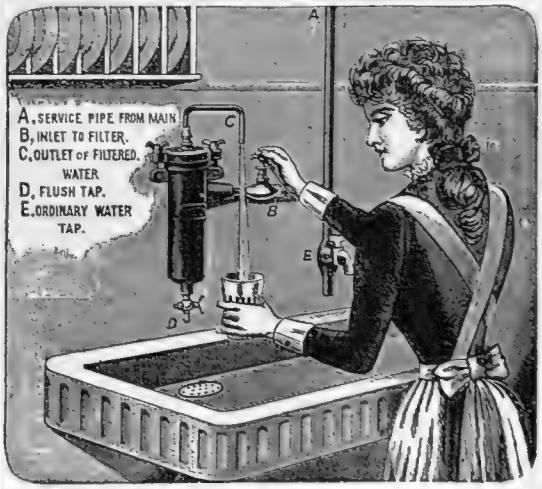
Decoration and Furniture designed to harmonise in any particular style.

SCHEMES AND ESTIMATES FREE OF CHARGE.

ALDINS
(ALDIN BROS. & DAVIES),
High-class Builders, Decorators, Electrical and Sanitary Engineers, Cabinet Makers and Upholsterers,
QUEEN'S GATE GARDENS, S.W.
TELEPHONE: 317 KENSINGTON.

Sir Alexander Binnie, late Chief Engineer to the London County Council, in reference to London's Water Supply, made the following statement (see "Standard," April 23, 1906):

"If the present state of things continues there will arise among the teeming millions of London an Epidemic which will startle the world."



This illustration shows FILTER (H) fitted to ordinary household service-pipe over sink, the cost of which is 30/- only, complete.

BERKEFELD FILTERS GIVE PURE & GERM-FREE WATER.

The BERKEFELD FILTER Co. LTD.,
121, OXFORD STREET, W.

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The Beauteous Bugle

When in doubt as to the lay of any particular modistic land, the simplest solution is to be found in a visit to some of the large outside Emporiums, when a trial of prices very quickly solves the debated query, a procedure taken recently in the case of the sequin robe. Such things are chronicled so casually, and frequently as casually read, that very conflicting ideas arose as to the vogue of the sequin robe. The proclamation of jet as a revived feature of this season of grace erroneously gave rise to the surmise that the familiar sequin robe had been granted a further lease of life. Nothing of the kind, however, was intended by the powers that rule in the fashionable world, the latest jetted medium being a bugle, sometimes allied with the tiniest cut jet beads.

Bugling is the embroidery of first recognised favour, and is equally effective in black, white, or opalescent expression. But a full admission of momentary defeat is found in the sequin robe, which is being cleared by some of the lesser lights in the mercantile world at one guinea the robe, inclusive of bodice material. Chenille, moreover, shows every likelihood of being closely associated with the smartest modes of this season of 1906. Only, indeed, under the best auspices is it possible to accept chenille; its tendency to vulgarise rather than enhance has become very apparent of late, a contingency that very directly accounts for the fresh interest accorded its services by the exclusive in the *couturière* world.

A Season of Stripes

Everywhere, and on every hand, is the stripe insistent. Costumes of striped cottons, striped flannels, and striped voiles are no sooner shown than they are snapped up. The stripe, for the most part, is that of the galatea, and runs at about the same

A "chic" voile creation (*Drawn by K. Pleydel Young*)

PETER ROBINSON, LTD.
252-264, REGENT ST., W.

Telegrams: Peter Robinson, 256, Regent St., London.

Telephone: 2668 Gerrard.

R.S. DUNLOP.

A very light and good fitting Hat, in fine White Ornamental Manilla Straw, trimmed black or coloured velvet ribbon.

Price 15/6 Splendid Value.

AQUASCUTUM

HIGHEST AWARD, GOLD MEDAL. **LTD.**

His Majesty The King. H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

By Appointment.

THE

"AQUASCUTUM"

is the Most Perfect Coat for Walking or Outdoor Sports.

Price 75/- and 84/-

These coats being made from selected wools, in addition to being waterproof, are beautifully warm without the objectionable weight which characterises other makes.

Also with detachable linings.

HEIGHT AND BUST MEASUREMENT ONLY REQUIRED.

Write for Patterns and Designs.

Workshops on the Premises under Expert Supervision.

"AQUASCUTUM" COSTUME Price 5 Guineas.

100, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

WHITSUNTIDE

IN

NORWAY.

THE P&O CRUISING YACHT

VECTIS

(6,000 TONS; 6,000 H.-P.)

Will leave TILBURY on Friday, 1st JUNE, for a

16 DAYS' CRUISE

TO THE

Norwegian Fjords.

Fares from 15 to 30 guineas, according to position of Cabin.

20 June	-	Kiel, Denmark, & Norway	- 16 days
11 July	-	Spitzbergen, North Cape, &c.	28 days
10 August		Baltic and Northern Capitals	28 days

Illustrated Descriptive Pamphlets on Application.

P&O NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, W.C. 122, LEADENHALL STREET, E.C. **LONDON.**

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT

TO

HIS MAJESTY THE KING,
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Brinsmead

PIANOS

A . . . . .
UNIQUE . .
DEPARTURE.

Write for our Special Terms.

JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS, LTD.,

Pianoforte . . Manufacturers,

18-22, Wigmore Street,
LONDON, W.

regular distances. At all our best houses, there is being laid an unmistakable emphasis of approval on the striped drill cottons, and it would be impossible to desire smarter little suits than the majority have devised. A green and white striped cotton was particularly bewitching, arranged with one of the short-waisted little boleros, a narrow pleated frill of its own material being set on below a strapped band, and collar and cuffs of plain green linen, trimmed with frills of Valenciennes lace. The skirt was just eased at the waist, and bore a deep hem, turned up on the right side and stitched over a fold of the plain linen. The hat worn was a *canotier* of coarse straw, the colour of ripe corn, lightly draped with folds of three shades of green tulle caught at the left side by a cluster of black quills.

Or another model, equally attractive, was of marine blue and white stripe; the smart little blouse bodice, fulled into a shaped *empiècement*, that turned back in front with black taffeta revers, below a circular strapping of the silk that enclosed a lace chemisette. But there are simply endless schemes. Nor is the least amazing part of the whole departure to be found in the extraordinarily moderate prices asked by quite the leading *ateliers* for their exclusive designs. Although, of course, they hold the game in their own hands by sheer power of cut and construction.

Some Motoring Modes

A very serious endeavour, with no nonsense or tentativeness about it, is being made to get away from the merely utilitarian in motor garbing. Practical it must be in point of excluding dust and imparting warmth, but there is absolutely no necessity, as so many women imagine, to resort to dull, dismal habiliments We can be just as effectively screened and protected in some quaint old-world snuff brown, with cap *en suite*, as in some indefinite *nuance*. Paquin has brought out a silk waterproof wrap, with great capuchin, that is the epitome of grace. It was, truth to tell, from this I gathered the notion of that snuff brown. So clad, one could face the most critical racecourse community with impunity, while the hood can be turned to all practical account on emergency.

Then as to headgear. Far and away the most pleasing and practical innovation is a reindeer cap and shaped curtain, with strings. What this reindeer actually is I am not in a position to say. To the feel it is soft as velvet, and the weight is about that of washing *crêpe de chine*, and it cleans like the proverbial glove. The caps are built rather small, with narrow brims, and crowns very slightly padded, and they are designed to be worn well forward so that the front of the hair is well protected. From a private source I gather there will be a certain flow in the direction of bonnets of the old cottage, or, perhaps, the wired Scotch shapes. These will certainly have the merit of proving becoming, and, provided a veil or some protection to the face can be adjusted in front, they should be found of the really practical order of headgear.

MENU FOR A DINNER

Hors d'Œuvres Variés
Consommé Julienne
Salmon Cutlets, with Sauce Indienne
Whitebait
Quails au Délice
Spring Chickens Salad
Asparagus
Crême au Chocolat
Strawberries and Cream

Consommé Julienne

Have ready a clear, rather light golden-coloured consommé, and serve with young green peas, young carrots, turnips, and blanched lettuce, cut into little fancy shapes. The vegetables must be cooked separately.

Salmon Cutlets, with Sauce Indienne

Cut the slices 1 in. thick, remove the bone, season each slice with pepper and salt, wrap each in a sheet of buttered paper, and broil over a clear fire about a quarter of an hour, or the cutlets can be egged and breadcrumbed, and fried in boiling fat. Flatten them with a cutlet bat, and trim them to small cutlets.

Indienne Sauce

Four small shallots, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful of brown sugar, half teacupful of mixed pickles cut very small, one teaspoonful of curry powder, half a pint of stock. Peel and slice the shallots, stew them with the sugar and vinegar till tender. Stir occasionally, add the pickles and the curry powder. Simmer quarter of an hour. Should the pickles be very hot, omit the curry.

Quails au Délice

Bone some quails, open them and sprinkle them with salt, and spread a layer of good forcemeat inside. Let them stew in well-flavoured white stock. When cooked, let them get cold, then mask them with a rich white sauce into which half a pint of aspic jelly has been stirred. Decorate them with truffles cut in leaves, and a few pistachio nuts. Serve on a border of whipped aspic.

Crême au Chocolat

Take 2 oz. vanilla chocolate, grate it finely, and mix it to a smooth cream with a little boiling milk, add to it a heaped tablespoonful of sifted sugar, and stir until the latter is dissolved; add also a few drops of vanilla. Next add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs and, by degrees, a pint of boiling milk, stir all the while one way whilst adding the milk; finally add the white of four eggs whisked to a firm froth, pour into a slightly greased mould; tie down tightly with buttered paper, and bake in a moderately quick oven for from thirty to thirty-five minutes. Turn out very carefully, pour a cream sauce over and around, and serve at once. The cream sauce may be made thus: bring the contents of a fivepenny jar of cream to boiling point, if it seems at all thin thicken it with a little arrowroot. Add sugar to taste, and a few drops of vanilla. EMILIA.

The Unexpected Guest

However welcome, the unexpected guest often causes the housewife to anxiously consider what fare she has got in the house to offer her visitor. Perhaps it happens to be an awkward time, probably one meal is just over and the next some way ahead. Meantime, the hospitable hostess feels that she must provide "just a little something," not too elaborate, but which shall be suitable to the circumstances. The very thing for such an emergency, if we adopt the advice of Sir Francis Laking, the King's physician, is thinly cut slices of currant bread. Sir Francis claims that the currants are so full of concentrated nourishment, in the form of grape sugar and albumen, that with the bread they form an ideal food for all occasions. Currant Bread (either White or Hovis) is in every sense a food for brain and body; it is easily digested, and, being both wholesome and appetising, makes an excellent light refreshment, instantly available.

OVER 80 GOLD MEDALS.

MILLENNIUM FLOUR

is made of the Finest Blended Wheats of the World's Harvest.

GIVES SUNSHINE IN EVERY LOAF.

Flour made from best harvested wheat always possesses a clean, bright, bloomy appearance, and never a greyish or pale white, sickly look.

EXHIBITION SUCCESSES IN LONDON:
Championship Cup, 1901, 1902, 1903, and 1905.
OVER 80 GOLD MEDALS.
TO BE OBTAINED OF ALL FLOUR DEALERS.
Sole Manufacturers:
W. VERNON & SONS,
London and Liverpool.

"Benger's Food feeds us both."

Both mother and child benefit by taking Benger's Food.

Although it is primarily a nutritive food for the use of those suffering from digestive debility, or during severe illness, convalescence, or the weakness of advancing age, a course of Benger's Food is of the greatest advantage to those enjoying the best of health.

Benger's Food assists nature.

When prepared it forms a dainty and delicious cream, highly nutritive and entirely free from rough and indigestible particles. Infants thrive on it and delicate and aged persons enjoy it.

BENGER'S Food.

Sold in tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

All the world over metalwork improves and looks better when treated with this superb burnisher

GLOBE POLISH

PASTE IN TINS—LIQUID IN CANS
RAIMES & CO., LTD., Tredegar Works, Bow, London, E., and Stockton-on-Tees.

GRANDE·MAISON·DE·BLANC

PARIS.
6, BOULEVARD DES CAPUCINES.

LONDON, W.
62, NEW BOND STREET.

(No Branch in America)

Table & Bed Linen, Handkf's, etc.

Woven by Hand on our own Looms.

LADIES' LINGERIE

LOUVET Freres, *Proprietors.* O. BOYER, *Director, formerly of New York.*

Automobile Topics.

Edited by DOUGLAS MILLER

Road Improvement

Apropos of the remarks on road maintenance which appeared in THE BYSTANDER last week, it is noticeable that many of our contemporaries, whose *raison d'être* it is to preach the doctrine of the advancement of automobilism from cover to cover, have taken the matter up, and are actively agitating for reform in road construction. Most of the technical experts whose views I have had the pleasure of reading are agreed that the establishment of a Central Board of Construction and Upkeep is the best solution yet offered for a dissolution of the difficulties which beset the present position, but there appears to be some divergence of opinion as to what steps that Board—when constituted—should take to render our main highways durable and dustless. There are two outstanding factors in the equation: (1) Cost of construction and maintenance, and (2) suitability of reconstructed road surfaces to all existing and prospective classes of traffic in all kinds of weather. In regard to the question of maintenance, it has been pointed out in this column that our present system of decentralisation costs us more per mile for upkeep than is paid in France by the Ministry of Roads and Bridges, where road surfaces are vastly superior to our own. Authentic figures relative to initial outlay per mile of macadamised road are not at the moment at my disposal. In a forthcoming issue of THE BYSTANDER I hope to be able to publish some statistics bearing upon the point which are now in course of compilation, and these may profitably be considered in determining the material to be used in road construction in the future. Meanwhile, all road users are agreed that the state of our principal highways calls for immediate and drastic reform, and I think that the ruling spirits of, say, the Motor Union, the Roads Improvement Association, and the Automobile Association, might with advantage convene a conference of road surveyors and engineers to examine and report upon the various systems of road-making which are now more or less in evidence. It must, of course, be borne in mind that the requirements of all demand due deliberation. Traction engines, market carts, light horse-drawn vehicles, cycles, and saddle horses, as well as pedestrians and automobilists, hold prescriptive rights to the use of the King's highways, and these must be carefully guarded in any well-considered scheme of road improvement.

* * *

Captain H. H. P. Deasy

Climbing the highest mountain road in Britain, viz., Balloch Hill, Loch Carron, 2,600ft. above the sea level, in his 30-40 h.-p. Martini car

Italy's International Race

As, perhaps, might have been expected, considering the remarkably severe nature of the trial, more than half of the forty-eight cars which started from Milan to compete for the *Coppa del' Oro*, offered by the Milan Automobile Club, were compelled to abandon the contest. For eleven days these cars were required to cover distances averaging over two hundred miles per diem on extremely mountainous and, for the most part, ill-made roads. Further, they were required to run to schedule time with an exactitude seldom observed on the leading railway systems of the world. To be explicit, the drivers each morning were informed as to the day's route, were told the distance in kilomètres, and were instructed to regulate their arrival at the finishing-point to within one minute of the exact time, calculated on a basis of 40 kilomètres per hour for the day's run. All mechanical or tyre adjustments were to be made on the road, and if by reason of superior skill or swiftness any driver ran in ahead of time, he was promptly penalised so many marks per minute for his over-eagerness. Thus the actual destination of the coveted cup became a question of accurate time keeping as much as one of ability to "get the course," and it is not surprising that some heart-burning should have been occasioned among those competitors who, ignorant of the liquid language of sunny Italy, were unable to synchronise their watches to those of the official timekeepers. Signor Lancia, burly hero of many a hard-fought motor contest in both hemispheres, accomplished a really remarkable performance on a F.I.A.T. touring car, arriving "dead on time" day after day. His *confrères*, Nazzaro and Boschis, also driving F.I.A.T. cars, contrived between them to lose a couple of minutes, as did Cagno on the Itala, through miscalculation of time and distance. Mr. Arthur E. MacDonald, driving the foremost British string—a six-cylinder Napier—took the lead on the